HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. X.—No. 474.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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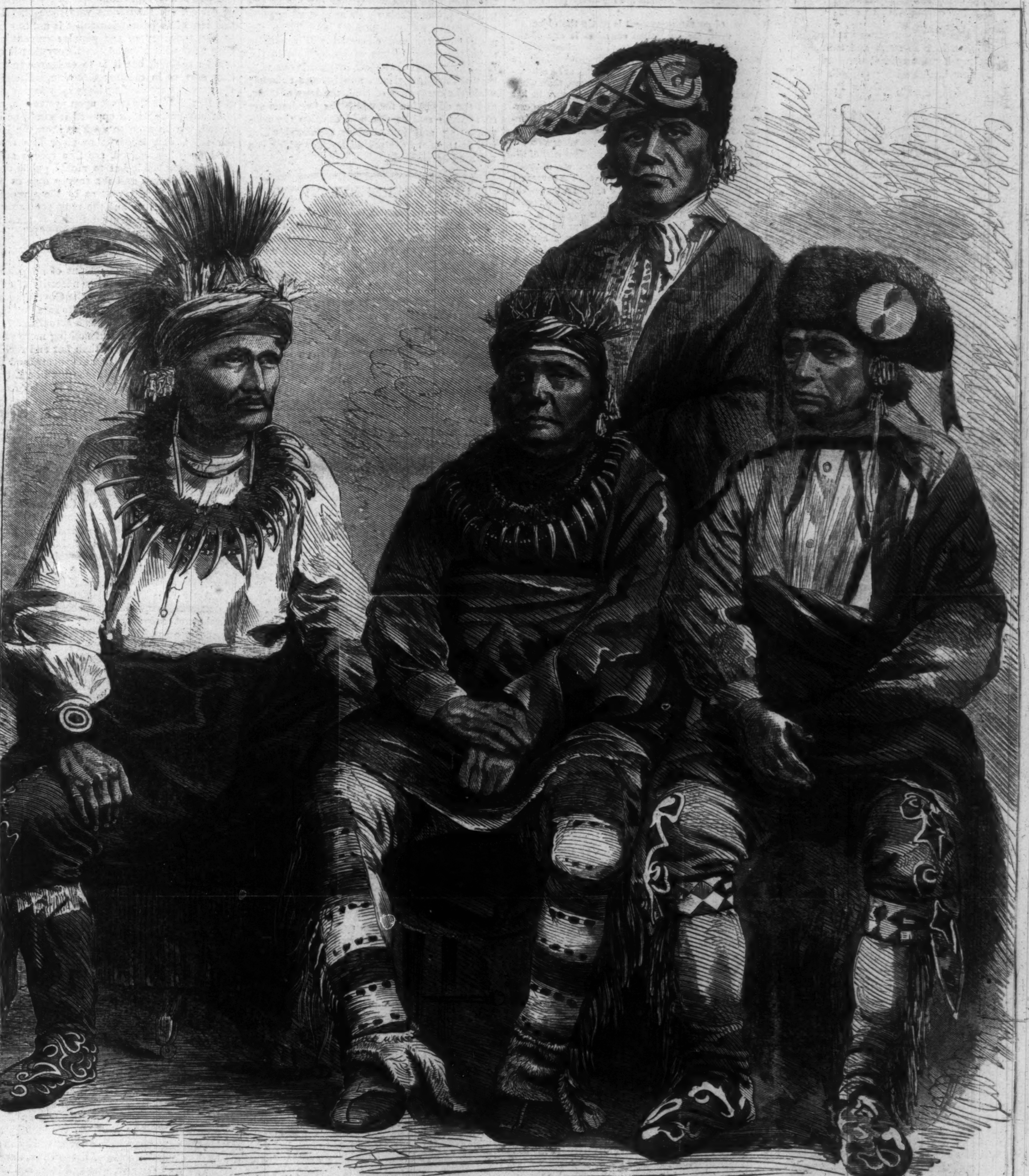


Tar-a-kee. Pe-ti-o-ki-ma. Lag-er-iah. Too-hi.

INDIAN DELEGATION OF IOWAS, SACS, AND FOXES FROM NEBRASKA TO WASHINGTON.—Photographed by A. Gardner, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 50.]

THE TURKISH MAIDEN.

TURKISH maiden! Turkish maiden!
  Draw aside this cruel veil,
If my eyes are doomed to fade in
  Sight of Eden, let them fail.

Maybe, like the Hebrew prophet,
  'Tis to spare a heart like mine,
And you dare not draw it off it,
  For its brightness is divine.

If he from the lofty mountain
  Saw the "Land of Promise" gleam,
Let, oh! let me see the fountain,
  Source of Eden's favored stream.

In those brilliant eyes are burning
  Fires like Sinai's fearful scene;
Save, ah! save mine, as I, turning,
  Hide them from its fatal sheen.

Breathe, oh! breathe no cruel sentence,
  Horeb's thunder 'twere to me,
Lest I die (without repentance)
  For my daring wish to see.

No! She smiles—a piteous token,
  With a look so sweet and calm,
That my heart, so nearly broken,
  Is now healed with "Gilead's balm."

JOHN P. BROWN.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Dec.* 18, 1865.

THE WINTER WIND.

THE night it is wild and stormy;
  The chilly rain falls fast;
The blast is sobbing and wailing,
  The dreary winter blast,
Sobbing and wailing and calling
  Like a voice from out the Past.

Oh, what is it saying, I wonder,
  The wind as it rises higher,
To the rich man in his palace
  As he sits by the glowing fire,
With every comfort round him
  That the vain heart can desire?

It is shouting his power and his splendor—
  What sultan is grander than he;
It is counting the sum of his riches,
  And telling of what they shall be;
It is lauding his palace so costly,
  And naming his ships on the sea!

Oh, what does it say to the woman
  Who is sitting with him there?
It is chanting a hymn to her beauty,
  It is praising her eyes and her hair:
It is wooing her like a fond lover,
  And calling her stately and fair!

Oh, what does it say to the beggar,
  Outside in the stormy street,
As she treads the city's pavement
  With cold and naked feet,
Looking in vain for shelter
  From the cruel rain and sleet?

To her, half-famished and homeless,
  'Tis a mocking voice that calls,
And its influence, like a shadow,
  Across her spirit falls;
And its dreary, dismal wailing
  Her hapless heart appalls.

What does it say to the children
  When they wake from dreams at night,
On a sudden in the darkness,
  And find no cheering light?
'Tis an ogre's voice that is calling,
  And they cry aloud with fright.

Oh, what does it say to the sailor,
  The noisy winter blast,
As he keeps his watch at midnight,
  Or climbs the dizzy mast,
When the shores of home have vanished
  And the friendly capes are passed?

It shouts aloud to the sailor,
  In the dark and stormy night,
It speaks to the gallant sailor
  Of the cottage window bright,
And the hearth inside all ruddy
  With the glowing embers' light.

Oh, what is the depth of meaning
  To my weary heart addressed?
It seems like the voice of old longings
  That for years have filled my breast—
The passionate voice of old longings
  That will not be at rest.

THE INDIAN DELEGATION FROM NEBRASKA.

WE give on our first page portraits of four of the Indian delegates from Nebraska. The delegation, consisting altogether of eight Indians, arrived in Washington on the evening of January 2, in company with Major J. A. BURBANK, United States Indian Commissioner for the Great Nebraska Agency. There were five Indians of the Iowa tribe and three of the Sac and Fox tribe. Three of our portraits are of Iowas, namely LAG-ER-LASH, or BRITISH, TOO-HI, or BRIER ROSE, and TAR-A-KEE, or DEERHAM, the two first being half-civilized, while DEERHAM represents the wild portion of the tribe. PE-TI-O-KI-MA, or HARD-FISH, is a wild representative of the Sacs and Foxes.

Many of the delegation are dressed in wild aboriginal costume. Some years ago one of them, MOLESS, was sent to Kentucky, and received a very liberal English education, which, however, he failed to improve upon his return to his native wilds, and consequently he derived but little benefit from it. GEORGE GOMEZ, the interpreter of the Sacs and Foxes, is a fearfully ugly old fellow, who, report among his people says, has had seventy-five or eighty wives.

The tribes represented by this delegation occupy fifty sections of land, are surrounded by whites, and are quiet and peaceable. The Iowas are the most thrifty; cultivate their lands, and carry on extensive dealings in wood. One of the delegation, MAH-HOE, or THE KNIFE, has an extensive wood-yard on the Missouri River, and Major BURBANK thinks that, next to the Cherokees, they are the most civilized of the Indian tribes. They are also truly loyal to the Government of the United States, and during the late war the Iowas sent over one-half of their braves into the Union army. They served principally in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Kansas regiments, but many were scattered among Missouri and other border regiments.

The main object of the present visit is to have a "talk" with regard to a treaty made in 1861, and to have it renewed. When they sold their lands to the Government, they understood the agreement to be that they were to receive the purchase-money in hand. The United States holds the principal, however, and the Indians are regularly paid the interest.

But of course enjoyment is partly the object of their visit, for an Indian considers it one of the greatest events of his life to visit Washington and see his "Great Father;" and nothing gives him more pleasure, or makes him think himself, or be esteemed by others of his tribe, a great man, than when he can rehearse to a listening audience what he has seen and heard on his travels. They will also carry back with them new silver peace medals, a number of which are now being struck at the Philadelphia Mint. The medals for President JOHNSON are of full size. On the face is an excellent cast of the President, with the words, "ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States." On the reverse is a pedestal bearing in a wreath of laurel leaves the word "Peace." In front of the pedestal two figures—an Indian and America—are clasping hands. At the feet of the Indian lie the pipe of peace and the tomahawk, and in the back-ground are a herd of buffaloes. In the back-ground, near America, are represented a train of cars passing over a bridge, and a binnacle wheel and an anchor lie at her feet. The medals are beautifully designed, and are about two inches and a half in diameter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866.

A LONG STEP FORWARD.

THE order of General GRANT, defining the military authority of the United States in the late rebellious States, should reassure our friends who fear that the Government is too ready to imperil the public peace by delivering the whole authority of those States unconditionally into the hands of a class which can not be expected to use it in good faith.

The General's reply to the request of Governor PARSONS, of Alabama, that the national forces should be withdrawn and the local militia armed, is also significant and sensible. It is as follows:

"For the present, and until there is full security for equitably maintaining the right and safety of *all classes of citizens* in the States lately in rebellion, I would not recommend the withdrawal of the United States troops from them. The number of interior garrisons might be reduced, but a movable force sufficient to insure tranquillity should be retained. While such a force is retained in the South, I doubt the propriety of *putting arms in the hands of the militia.*"

The bill of Senator TRUMBULL'S continuing the Freedmen's Bureau and extending its operations to every part of the country in which freedmen are to be found in large numbers, is the complement of these military orders. It will undoubtedly be approved by the President and become a law. This is another of the plain signs that neither the President nor Congress wish to make haste unwisely, and should certainly tend to temper the acrimony of debate upon the general subject.

Senator TRUMBULL'S bill recognizes two vital and fundamental truths of the situation. First, that the National Government means to protect and secure the personal liberty which it has conferred; and second, that it is essential the freedmen should become landholders. Without that provision every other device will be futile.

At this moment, it should be remembered, the freedmen, excepting those settled upon the sea islands by General SHERMAN, and whose freehold Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill confirms, are without land and without the means of buying it. They are helpless in the midst of a population which is generally hostile to them, and they have no chance of livelihood except from the landowners who may choose to employ them. Any landholder may say to them: "You are free to go. I do not wish to employ you. Get off my land." That all will not and do not say this, is true. But vast numbers do. And the laborer has no remedy. He must "move on," and beg, steal, or starve. The tragedy of his situation can hardly be exaggerated; and although the feeling against him may mellow with the lapse of time, and although the necessities of the case will gradually persuade the landholders not to quarrel with their bread and butter, yet meanwhile, under these winter skies, and among those wintry hearts, the suffering of the freedmen is terrible and incalculable, and the duty of the country is plain and imperative.

The freedmen are placed by General GRANT'S timely order under the protection of the military power. But that power can not feed them, nor house them, nor enable them to work and be paid for working. Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill authorizes the President to reserve for them 3,000,000 acres of good, unoccupied land in Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Each laborer or family is to have forty acres at a rent agreed upon by the Commissioner and the freedmen. Afterward the tenants may buy the land at a price to be named by the Commissioner and approved by the President. Meanwhile the pauper freedmen are to be provided with such lands as the United States may buy in any district, and necessary schools and asylums are to be built upon them; while as the paupers become productive laborers the land may be sold to them under fair conditions.

The necessity of immediate and decisive action upon the subject is urgent. Give the freedmen land from which they can not be expelled; protect their rights against all aggressors by the national power; and Time, the great mediator and educator, will gradually show the present class of landholders in the late rebel States that their interest is one with that of their late slaves, now become citizens; while the occupancy of land, the laws of labor, and the education for which the freedmen are so anxious and so ripe will develop the self-respecting and independent manhood which will fit them for the political power which can not long be withheld.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE wish expressed by us a week or two since that the public might be informed of the exact condition of the Mexican question has been gratified by the publication of the correspondence between our Government and that of France. The important point of that correspondence is that on the 18th of October M. DRUYN DE LHUYS, the French foreign Minister, wrote to the Marquis DE MONTHOLON, the French envoy at Washington, that, if the United States would recognize MAXIMILIAN, France would doubtless be able to withdraw its forces from Mexico. On the 6th of December Mr. SEWARD replies that the condition suggested is impracticable; and on the 16th of December he writes to Mr. BIGELOW that the United States earnestly desire peace with France, but that peace would be probably impossible unless France should retire from Mexico, and he expresses his regret that from a conversation which M. DRUYN DE LHUYS held with Mr. BIGELOW it was clear that the matter could not be arranged upon any ground already suggested.

The position of this country upon the question is plainly defined. It will not recognize MAXIMILIAN, and it maintains diplomatic relations with JUAREZ and the native republic. In its eyes, therefore, MAXIMILIAN is an interloper, and dangerous to the United States. Their peace and safety under present circumstances require his departure; and if, after a forcible and courteous reiteration of this declaration and the exhaustion of every honorable persuasion, France still persists in sustaining MAXIMILIAN by arms, it will become a practical question for the United States whether and when and how they will sustain JUAREZ. The whole world is aware that the circumstances under which France went to Mexico are utterly changed. The French enterprise depended for success upon our national destruction, and France must conform to the unexpected result of our triumph or pay the penalty. This conclusion is suggested by Mr. SEWARD, politely, but plainly and emphatically. We believe, as we have always believed, that France will not push the matter to extremity.

The question of our *Alabama* claims upon Great Britain has also taken a definite form. On the 21st of November Mr. ADAMS informed Lord CLARENDON that the United States declined the proposition for a joint commission. On the 2d of December Lord CLARENDON replied, declining to prolong the controversy, asserting that "no armed vessel departed during the war from a British port to cruise against the commerce of the United States," and that "the British Government have steadily and honestly discharged all the duties incumbent upon them as a neutral power." His Lordship ought to have added that there was no ship known as the *Alabama*, and then his rejoinder would have been consistent and complete.

The history of the *Alabama* has been written by Mr. GEORGE BEMIS, of Boston, in a series of exhaustive papers upon the subject. He shows from the Parliamentary Blue-books, giving dates and documents, that an armed vessel *did* depart from a British port to cruise against American commerce. That question is not open. And if the British Government is contented with the precedent of neutrality which it has established, it is satisfied with a course that must inevitably destroy its own commerce the instant it is engaged in war.

But as we do not expect that France will proceed to extremities upon the Mexican question, so we do not believe the United States will make war upon Great Britain to enforce the *Alabama* claims. In both cases the position of the United States is just and dignified; and it is certainly a matter of honest pride that in the gravest hour of our history our diplomatic ability has been as masterly as our military skill.

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

NOBODY believes that there is any party among loyal men opposed to the speediest national reorganization, although there are many who say so in the hope of making political capital. The sole practical question is one of method, and we are much more likely to err by haste than by reflection. We are very sorry, therefore, to see journals of which a finer sense of duty was to be expected abdicating their function of enlightening public opinion by argument, and raising the cry that the people have made up their minds to a certain result, right or wrong, and that any party will be ruined which tries to withstand it.

None can be more conscious of the enormity of such a cry than some who raise it. The business of an honest journalist is not to guess at the tendency of the popular current and then float with it upon the theory that it can not be resisted, but it is to endeavor to turn that current in the true direction. RICHARD COBDEN did not content himself by saying that the British mind was set upon protection, and that any party which opposed it would be defeated, but he went to work to show the British mind that it ought to favor free trade. And for what, indeed, are free speech and a free press valuable but to mould public opinion? The press and the tongue may as well be muzzled by a tyrant as by the tyrannical fear of a majority; and the most contemptible newspaper in the United States is such because its only aim is to reflect what it believes to be the current opinion, however base.

We are not unmindful of the necessity of parties to the accomplishment of all political reforms, and of the peculiar necessity of union among the true friends of the Government at this time. We are indeed quite sure that there is rather an apparent than an actual difference in the Union party. But nothing more surely tends to create a schism than hot and reckless talk in Congress and in newspapers, and that testy dogmatism which is amusing in a katydid and ridiculous in an editor or a legislator.

There can be no assumption more utterly baseless than that the people of this country, who have the decision of the question, are solely anxious to have the form of the Union restored without consideration of the means by which that work shall be accomplished. They are not anxious to put fire to gunpowder and consider afterward the question of explosion. Public opinion, we are glad to believe, overwhelmingly favors the just and honorable settlement of our great questions, and it is the pleasant duty of the press to sustain and fortify it.

But fine words butter no parsnips. The people are not deceived as to the real feeling and condition of the late rebel section. They know perfectly well that the emancipation amendment was adopted there because the voters could not help themselves. The President made it an indispensable preliminary step toward reorganization. That step has been accomplished, and the President waits patiently to see what other steps Congress may deem desirable and essential. That question will not be "rushed," nor does the country, which wishes for peace and security, desire that it should be. It will be considered thoughtfully and thoroughly, and settled sagaciously and securely.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "NEPTUNE."

WHOSE duty is it to take care that a poor woman arriving in an emigrant ship at this port, and being confined after her arrival, shall not be left for two freezing nights and days in a berth with a little straw to lie on, "very cold and damp and wet," and there to remain "exposed and cold" until she is frozen to death?

This was the fate of MARY ANN GILROY, a passenger by the Liverpool ship *Neptune*, Captain ENOCH W. PEABODY, belonging to Messrs. C. H. MARSHALL & Co. Captain PEABODY is of opinion, according to his testimony, that it is the ship's doctor's business to look after the sick passengers, and is satisfied that he has conformed to the requirements of the British law under which he shipped his passengers. The Captain says that it is the business of the Commissioners of Emigration to take charge of sick passengers arriving in port; and although he did not report to them that there was a woman on board prematurely confined, yet Mr. LAWSON, one of the owners, told him that the Commissioners had been notified.

Mr. FARNSWORTH, inspector of Customs, testifies that he boarded the *Neptune* on Tuesday afternoon, and at eight on Wednesday morning the passengers were all removed by an agent of the Commissioners of Emigration, excepting MARY ANN GILROY, who had been confined on Tuesday night. All Wednesday the poor woman lay in the wet and cold straw. The inspector thinks that there was a blanket over her, and can not say whether there was a bed

under her. At some time he saw the ship's doctor and a woman attending to her. On Thursday afternoon at five o'clock she was moved from the ship by the authority of the Commissioners of Emigration. On Friday morning she died. In her ante-mortem examination MARY ANN GILROY testified that four days before reaching port she told the doctor that her feet were "frosted," and he "wouldn't believe it;" paid no attention to her, and forced her to come upon deck for her medicine. Dr. BEACH, who accompanied the Coroner, talked with the unhappy woman, found her sensible, and able to converse intelligently, and is of opinion that she died from want of proper care and attention.

A helpless woman has been frozen to death upon a ship in the harbor of New York. Somebody is responsible. Who is guilty of this murder? Is it the Captain, the Doctor, the Commission of Emigration, the owner of the ship? It is pitiful to think of the sorrow and suffering of these emigrant ships, and how easy it is for the guilty to screen themselves. But here is an offense that will not be hidden. Are our laws impotent to protect the defenseless? If not, we hope the press will keep this tragedy fresh in the public mind until the offender is brought to trial and to punishment.

YOUR DOXY AND MY DOXY.

IN the time of the Inquisition it was frightful, it is now happily only very comical, to hear a man state his view of a religious question, and then, drawing out the full *ore rotundo* stop, and pressing with both hands, both feet, and both knees upon all the keys and pedals, exclaim: "To doubt or deny this rule is infidelity begun."

Of course it is. It is arrant infidelity of his assertion. But whether his assertion be the truth is quite another question.

Thus there is a familiar biblical phrase that the husband is the head of the wife. What its exact significance may be is a fair question. Does it merely state a fact, or imply a rule? Does it mean that as the intellect is generally more pronounced in men, and the feelings in women, therefore the guiding force will naturally be in the husband? Does it mean that a drunkard or an imbecile is the rightful arbitrary ruler of his wife, or that where the superiority is all with the woman she is to yield always to the inferiority of her spouse? Does it mean that if the husband be the head he may do what he chooses with his wife? and if not, is she to be the judge when he transcends the rights of headship? It is, in truth, a phrase which will be as variously interpreted as men's minds are different.

But that any man should now, and in this country, denounce a doubt of his interpretation of this or of any scriptural passage as infidelity, or doubt of the essential truths of religion, is so preposterous as to be incredible. Yet it is done; and the well-meaning gentleman who does it would doubtless be amazed if he in turn were convicted of infidelity by the same easy and absurd method. The Romish Church would inform him that his whole interpretation of Christianity is the beginning and end of irreligion and infidelity. To believe in the antipodes was once held to be infidelity of the plain teaching of the Bible. Yet the truth upon that subject has been tolerably demonstrated, and the Bible is not discarded. In the light of to-day it may be shrewdly suspected that to doubt or deny any individual interpretation of a passage in the Bible neither imperils good morals nor religious faith.

THINGS OF COURSE.

THE New York *World*, a few months ago, spoke of ANDREW JOHNSON as an "insolent, drunken brute, in comparison with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable."

The same paper described an acrimonious assault upon Secretary SEWARD, the head of President JOHNSON'S Cabinet, as "the scraping of the old sow SEWARD."

It need surprise no man that the same paper now denounces ABRAHAM LINCOLN as a thief and a swindler.

What could more happily illustrate the national sagacity than that the party of which this paper is the fit organ has been utterly spewed out by the American people?

ROBERT B. MINTURN.

THE true treasures of a nation are its good men, and neither Death nor Time can steal them. The man, indeed, dies, but the memory of his character and life survives, and is a perpetual inspiration of the noblest action. This is so plain to all of us in the high and clear-sighted moments of life, that every honorable man would wish to build his monument, like that of ROBERT B. MINTURN, in the unmeasured respect and tender love of his friends and neighbors.

Gentle, just, and generous; modest, humane, and sagacious; honored by the most successful and prosperous, beloved by the poorest and most forgotten; his sense of responsibility growing with increasing fortune, until his devoted life was that of an humble almoner of the Divine bounty—this was the New York merchant, the American gentleman, the serene Christian, whose life was a public blessing, and whose death is a universal sorrow.

Wholly withdrawn from what is technically called public life, and declining every position of merely personal advantage, there was no citizen of New York whose name was better known, and known only for an ideal probity in all business relations, and for the most earnest and unwearied practical humanity. He was one of the first Commissioners of emigration, because he knew what severe and often repulsive labor the sincere and faithful discharge of that duty demanded; and therefore he was not content to give his name and his money to the relief of the suffering emigrant but he gave his heart and hand also. Could the long train of the poor, who knew him as their friend, and who, when his sudden death was known, came weeping to ask permission to look upon his face once more—have known that, once when a poor emigrant woman lay ill of ship-fever and neither nurse nor doctor would risk their lives in lifting her for necessary removal from her bed to a carriage, he quietly took her in his arms and tenderly carried her, they would have known only one of the endless services of his practical charity, from which no fear of his own safety could deter him.

But his sensitive sympathy did not impair his sagacity. Too finely balanced for extravagance in thought or deed, his mind and heart were in the fullest harmony, and his discharge of every business relation was as wise, unobtrusive, and faithful as his charity. His practical counsel was as valuable as his impulses were generous, so that all who knew him well and those who but seldom met him equally bore from his presence an impression of manly symmetry and completeness.

The death of such a man to those who were nearest him is a personal loss not to be measured. But to the community his influence is so vital and enduring that it should rather be grateful that he lived so long than grieved that he died so soon. When RICHARD COBDEN died his political opponent, DISRAELI, said of him that there were "some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present, are still members of this House, are independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constituencies, and even of the course of time." It is true, also, in a corresponding sense, of some men in the larger sphere of society, and of none truer than of ROBERT B. MINTURN.

PORCELAIN PHOTOGRAPHS

THE beautiful porcelain photographs of Messrs. HUSTON and KURTZ, of No. 895 Broadway, fully justify the high praise which they have received. They are printed directly from the negative, so that the outline is exact, and they are then exquisitely colored until they are the most accurate of likenesses, with all the delicacy, softness, and tenderness of the most finished miniatures upon ivory. They are also as durable as the porcelain plate upon which they are painted, and may be wiped and washed and exposed to the sun without losing their brilliancy and completeness. Those that we have seen are colored with great skill; and this application of the art must be regarded as a very important step in the progress of photography.

"INSIDE."

THE second number of this interesting and striking story is published in this paper, with the illustrations of Mr. NAST, who delicately characterizes without caricaturing the figures of the tale. The spirit and dramatic skill of this "Chronicle of Secession" will surely commend it to the faithful attention of those who begin, as every body should, with the beginning.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish
  While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
  While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh! the good we all may do,
  While the days are going by!

There's no time for idle scorning
  While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning
  While the days are going by;
Oh! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes:
Help your fallen brother rise
  While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us
  While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
  While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
  While the days are going by.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 9:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented a memorial asking for the donation of public lands for educational purposes in the States lately in rebellion.—Mr. Foot offered a resolution, which was adopted, appointing Wm. J. M'Donald, Chief Clerk of the Senate, *vice* Hickey deceased.—A resolution offered by Mr. Sumner was adopted, inquiring if any legislation is needful to prevent the kidnapping of freedmen and their transportation as slaves to Brazil or Cuba.

In the House, Mr. Washburne of Illinois introduced a letter published in the Worcester *Spy*, by Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, declaring that the real purpose of the New York and Washington Air Line Bill was not to operate against the Camden and Amboy monopoly, but to relieve the Central Illinois Railroad Company from its obligations to carry United States mails and troops free of charge. A discussion of the subject disclosed the fact that the bill had been hastily passed under a call for the previous question, thus suppressing debate, and that therefore many members who voted for the bill had done so misunderstanding its real purport. It was finally agreed that the bill should be returned back from the Senate for discussion.—Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution, which was referred to the Committee of Fifteen, to the effect that, before Congress conferred the necessary power to enable the rebellious States to form State governments the rights of those among them always true to their allegiance should be guaranteed and protected.—Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, then called up the resolutions heretofore submitted by him, commending the President's Message as an able, judicious, and patriotic state paper; resolving that States can not sunder their relations to the Federal Union; and pledging Congress to uphold the President's policy. He made a long speech against the refusal by Congress to immediately admit the Southern representatives; and was followed by Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, who reminded him of his former attitude against Federal coercion. Mr. Bingham repelled every intimation that the Representatives here have manifested the slightest disposition to interfere with the just prerogatives of the President, or to make up a conflict with him. "If the day ever comes when he will find no supporters except among those who in 1864 were buried so deep that the hand of resurrection can never find them, then God help the President and save him from his friends." In conclusion he offered the following as a substitute for the resolution of the gentleman from Indiana: "*Resolved*—That this House have an abiding confidence in the President: that in the future as in the past he will co-operate with Congress in restoring to equal position and rights with the other States in the Union all the States lately in insurrection." Under the call for previous question Bingham was supported 107 to 32.

January 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson offered a petition of the colored citizens of Savannah, asking for suffrage, which petition was referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Fessenden reported the House bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint Assistant Assessors of Internal Revenue. Mr. Sumner said he would vote for the bill on the understanding that Mr. M'Culloch would not on his own authority, as he had done heretofore, relieve the officers he appointed from taking the oath imposed by Congress. The bill was laid over.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to increase and fix the military peace establishment of the United States. It provides that the military peace establishment of the United States shall hereafter consist of seven regiments of artillery, ten regiments of cavalry, sixty regiments of infantry, and such other forces as shall be provided for by this act. Section 2 provides that, in addition to the five regiments of artillery now organized, there shall be added one regiment, to be composed of white persons, and one regiment to be composed of colored persons—the officers of which shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of artillery who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for capacity and good conduct in the field. Section 3 provides that in addition to the six regiments of cavalry now in the service, there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 8 provides that there shall be one Lieutenant-General, five Major-Generals, and ten Brigadier-Generals, who shall have the same pay and emoluments and be entitled to the same staff officers in number and grade as are now provided by law.—Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, introduced a joint resolution to institute provisional governments for the late rebellious States, and made a long speech in favor of the bill.

In the House, Mr. Hale offered a resolution declaring that the previous question was for the regulation of debate and not for its entire suppression. The resolution was referred to the Committee on rules.—A resolution was adopted that the Committee on Ways and Means should inquire into the expediency of revising the system of income taxes and if desirable to dispense with the system; if not, that they provide that the tax on incomes shall be for amounts over $1200, and that the percentage on all incomes shall be reduced.—On motion of Mr. Conkling, of New York, it was resolved that the President of the United States be requested, if not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate any report made by the Judge-Advocate-General as to the grounds, facts, and accusation on which Jefferson Davis, Clement C. Clay, Stephen R. Mallory, and David S. Yates, or either of them, are held in confinement.

January 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented the petition of the Colored Baptist Convention, asking for universal suffrage.—The bill for the appointment of Assistant Assessors by the Secretary of the Treasury was passed without Mr. Sumner's admonitory amendment.—Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported the bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau; also the bill to protect the inhabitants of the United States in their civil rights.—The resolution in regard to the Industrial Exhibition at Paris was passed.—The resolution offered by Mr. Howe the day before to institute provisional government over the rebellious States came up, and Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, opposed it, taking substantially the ground previously taken by Mr. Raymond in the House.

In the House, the credentials of James Farron and John D. Kennedy were referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—On motion of Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, the Committee on Territories was instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to repeal the act organizing the Territory of Utah, and to divide said Territory, attaching one part thereof to Nevada and the other to the Territories contiguous.

January 12.

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. It provides that the Bureau, approved March 3, 1865, shall continue in force until otherwise provided by law, and shall extend to refugees and freedmen in all parts of the United States. It organizes the Bureau into districts and sub-districts, and authorizes the Secretary of War to issue provisions, fuel, clothing, etc., to the freedmen and refugees, and also authorizes the President to set apart for the use of freedmen and loyal refugees unoccupied lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, not exceeding in all 3,000,000 acres of good land. No action was taken.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Raymond, it was resolved that the President of the United States be requested, if not deemed by him incompatible with the public interest, to communicate to this House copies of all messages, proclamations, and other documents, issued by the Provisional Governors of any States that may have been proclaimed at any time to be in rebellion; of all acts, ordinances, resolutions, and proceedings of conventions or of legislatures held in such States under the authority or at the call of said Provisional Governors; of all returns of elections for members of such conventions and legislatures, together with the qualifications required for voters at such elections, and for members when elected, together with such other information concerning the public action of such States tending to throw light upon their political condition as may be in his possession, and to communicate further copies of all proclamations issued by the President or his immediate predecessor, relating to this subject, whether issued by him directly or through the Secretary of State, and the papers accompanying the same.

January 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's bill on the peace military establishments was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.—Mr. Sumner presented the petition of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church of Missouri, praying for universal suffrage.—Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, offered a resolution, which was laid over, that until Great Britain settled our claims for damages done to our commerce by her privateers we should withdraw our Minister from the Court of St. James and proclaim national non-intercourse.

In the House, the credentials of Arkansas members were referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Stevens offered a resolution, which was adopted, 82 to 77, that attorneys-at-law be relieved from taking the test-oath, as a condition of carrying on their profession.

POLICE COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

According to the Report of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners for 1865, the number of arrests for offenses of all grades amounted to the enormous number of sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, or about fourteen thousand more than the previous year. Crimes of violence toward the person have increased in a still greater ratio, the total number being nine hundred and ninety-five, against six hundred and twenty-four in 1864. The report shows that there are twelve hundred "daughters of perdition" in the concert saloons, and that there exist in this city and Brooklyn ten thousand places where intoxicating drinks are sold, over eight thousand of which are unlicensed.

GROUNDING OF THE "MARY A. BOARDMAN."

It is not pleasant to encounter a disaster at sea under the most favorable conditions. But when the thermometer stands fifteen degrees below zero, such an affair is terrible. It was in precisely this case that the passengers of the propeller *Mary A. Boardman* found themselves at half-past eight on the night of the 8th instant, their vessel having grounded on Romer Shoals, off Sandy Hook. There were on board twenty-three men and one woman, and must all of them have perished but for the bravery of two Sandy Hook pilots, Henry Seguine and Stephen A. Jones. Yet the rescue seemed a perilous thing to undertake in the severe cold, in a rough sea, the wind meanwhile blowing a terrible gale. The brave pilots succeeded, however, after repeated efforts in rescuing the whole crew.

TROOPS FURNISHED BY THE SEVERAL STATES DURING THE WAR.

The Secretary of War, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, has furnished a statement of the number of volunteers called for by the President at various periods, as follows:

States.	Aggregate.	Aggregate reduced to three years Standard.
Maine	71,745	56,595
New Hampshire	34,605	30,827
Vermont	35,256	29,052
Massachusetts	151,785	123,844
Rhode Island	23,711	17,878
Connecticut	57,270	50,514
New York	455,568	380,980
New Jersey	79,511	55,785
Pennsylvania	366,326	267,558
Delaware	13,651	10,303
Maryland	49,730	40,692
West Virginia	30,003	27,653
District of Columbia	16,872	11,506
Ohio	317,133	239,976
Indiana	195,147	152,283
Illinois	258,217	212,694
Michigan	90,119	80,865
Wisconsin	96,118	78,985
Minnesota	25,034	19,675
Iowa	75,860	68,182
Missouri	108,773	86,192
Kentucky	78,540	70,348
Kansas	20,097	18,654
Total	2,653,062	2,129,041

NEWS ITEMS.

One hundred and forty-three generals were mustered out of the United States service December 28, 1865. Among them are Generals Hunter, Rosecrans, Parke, Granger, Stanley, Pleasanton, A. J. Smith, Osterhaus, Crook, Weitzel, Hazen, Merritt, Griffin, Custer, Emory, Potter, Willcox, Torbett, Ewing, etc.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, who has lately returned from a tour through the Southern States, says, in a lecture on their condition, that of all Southerners, the women and the clergy are the most malignant, and that he would have been glad if President Johnson had added to the classes excepted from amnesty the preachers of all denominations and the editors of newspapers. Every one of them should have been obliged to file a statement of his antecedents with his application for pardon.

The total number of national banks now doing business throughout the country is one thousand six hundred and twenty-six. The Controller of the Currency is not at present granting authority to any new national banks.

The population of Minnesota is estimated at 275,000.

Accounts from Louisiana represent a very unfortunate condition of affairs among the freedmen. They show no disposition to make contracts, and the planters are greatly discouraged. A number of the planters of the Attakapas Parish have emigrated to Honduras. These reports are quite in contrast with those from Mississippi, where the freedmen are going to work and making satisfactory engagements.

General Tillson, Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia, has issued a circular, under dates of December 22, instructing his agents generally to compel freedmen, who have not property enough to get along without making contracts, to accept fair contracts when offered to them. He makes it the duty of his agents to make contracts for those who fail to do so for themselves before the 10th of this month, where good wages and kind treatment are offered to them, and such contracts are to be as binding upon the freedmen as if made by their own consent.

On the 12th instant Colonel O'Mahony, the Fenian President, received a letter from James Stevens, Head Centre of the so-called Irish Republic, cordially indorsing his action during the late troubles, and appointing him Representative and Financial Agent of the Irish Republic in this country.

On the 13th instant Edward P. Brooks, the Richmond correspondent of the New York *Times*, was attacked in the office of the Spottswood Hotel in that city by the notorious H. Rives Pollard, of the *Examiner*, who attempted to cowhide him. Mr. Brooks disarmed his assailant of the cowhide and threw it away, and then, with such arms as Nature gave him, defended himself so vigorously that only the interference of the proprietor of the hotel saved Pollard from a vigorous chastising. The cause of the attack is supposed to be the sarcastic and eminently just description of the disgraceful shooting affair in the Richmond capitol.

It appears from an official statement that the total number of men who have received respectively $400, $300, or $100 bounty during the war was 1,730,3[illegible]0, amounting in the aggregate to nearly $301,500,000. The total enlistments during the war were 2,461,000 men, of whom upward of 731,000 received no bounty.

On the 16th instant the Hon. Marcus L. Ward was inaugurated Governor of New Jersey.

When the war on the Government was begun the lands, houses, slaves, merchandise, stocks, and other possessions of the people of Georgia aggregated a value of over eight hundred and forty millions of dollars, while now the entire property of the State is not worth quite four hundred and nineteen millions of dollars. The heaviest single item of loss to the Georgians was in the emancipation of their four hundred and eighty-six thousand slaves, valued at about one hundred and ninety-four and a half millions of dollars.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Fenian excitement in Great Britain received a new impetus at Christmas-time, when numerous detachments were dispatched from England to Ireland. In the streets of Dublin the police appeared in double force. Charles Underwood O'Connell has been found guilty of treason and felony. He has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

The official weekly return in regard to the cattle disease shows that the progress of the disease has been checked, as the increase in the number of animals attacked exhibits a continued diminution.

Special services had been held in Westminster Abbey in celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Abbey by Edward the Confessor.

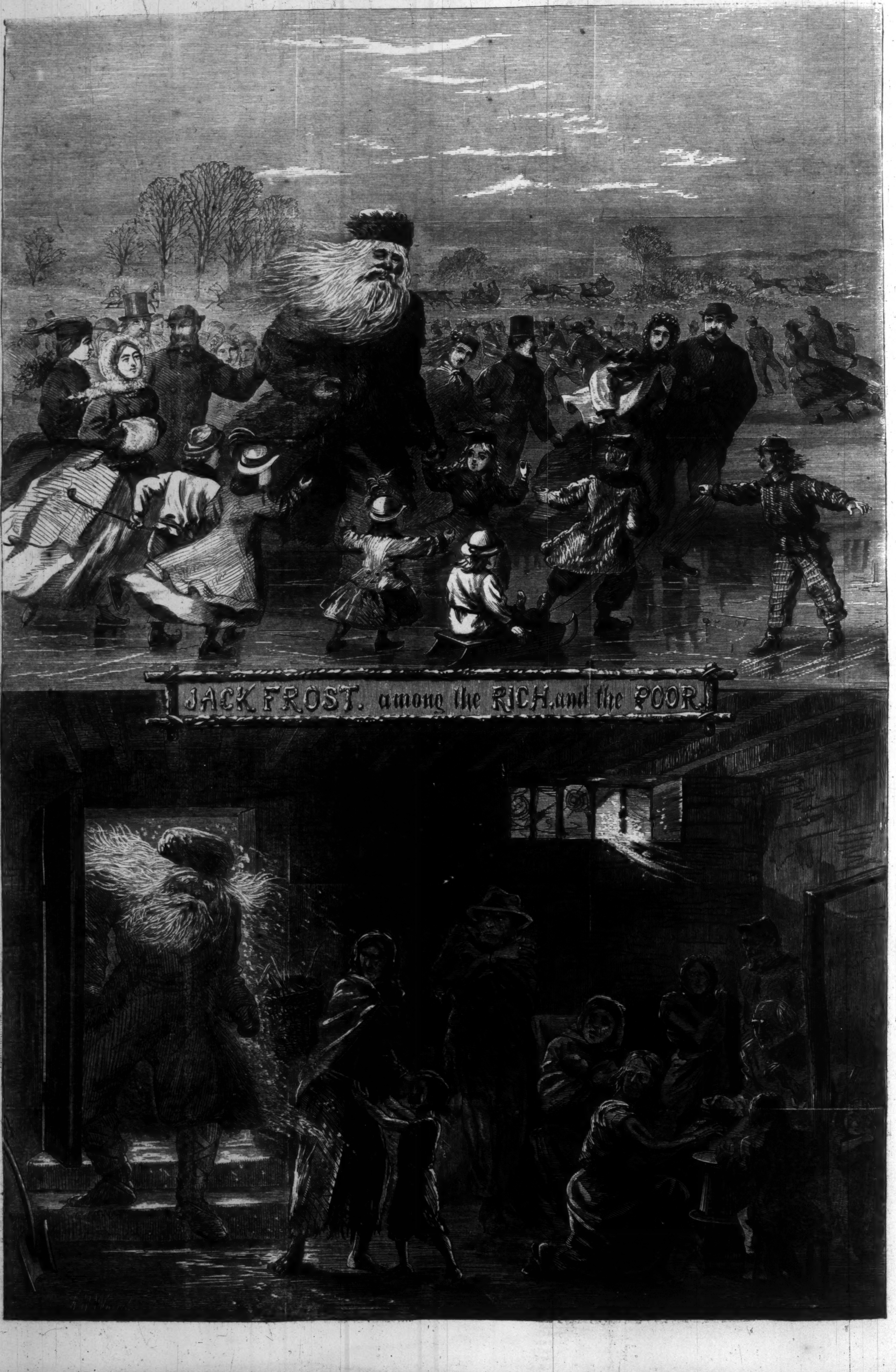
The London *Times*, in an editorial on Mexican affairs, argues that Napoleon will peaceably withdraw sooner or later; and urges America, for the interests of all concerned, to quietly await the result, and abstain from inconsiderate expression on the subject.

The *Daily News* points out that the absorption of American stocks throughout Europe has lately been more extensive than ever before known, and says this is one cause of the depreciation of English securities.

Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, is dead.

The Paris *Patrie* says France and England have not offered mediation to Spain in the Chilean question, but their good offices only, which have been accepted by Spain.

In South America, the Paraguayan army has retreated into Paraguay and assumed the offensive.


JACK FROST. among the RICH, and the POOR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

COLONEL JUGGINS GOING HOME.

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL JUGGINS emerged from the office of the Somerville *Star* like an honest blue-bottle fly, only he carried away a good deal of the cobweb about him out of the den of a spider. And very much better the Colonel felt in leaving it than when he entered its door.

When he heard of the investment of Fort Donelson by the Federal forces, never had the Colonel been more certain of the rising of the sun to-morrow than he was of the repulse and destruction of the Yankees. When the news arrived that the fort had actually capitulated, that the Confederate forces had failed to make a stand even at Nashville, it fell upon his ears, and upon those of very many like him, more like the tidings of some great phenomenon, some unprecedented interruption of the laws of nature itself, than merely as the news of battle and defeat.

The instant and most painful impression was—Good Heavens! if we have been defeated—we of the South—defeated once, what may not happen hereafter? The truth is, the events of the war so far had settled the common mind in Somerville, and throughout the South, in the fixed conviction of that which had always been a decided opinion, that Northern troops could not stand before Southern. True, Bowling Green had been evacuated, but that was easily explained; it was a splendid stratagem to draw the Federal troops further South, and so make a total finish of them!

Future historians will write Manassas as the Waterloo of the Confederacy. The cup of Southern victory there drunk was followed by a degree of intoxication to the South, of a greater than which history has no instance. As has been said before, the universal opinion at the South of Southern invincibility had hardly need of any thing to establish it, and Manassas petrified that opinion into granite certainty.

Nor did the events following Manassas fail to increase this certainty, had such increase been possible. So thoroughly settled was the Southern mind upon the whole subject that the vague news of Northern preparation going on excited little or no interest. The same sentiment possessed alike the people, the press, and the officials—at least, from no quarter was heard a syllable but to the same note. Any one who had hinted otherwise would have been marked as but a poor creature, unsettled in his wits by an absurd attachment to the Union, which ought to be regarded as traitorous, if it were not so heartily despised as contemptible.

Even the most firm among the Union men were beginning to settle themselves down to what seemed the will of Heaven—casting about to make the best of an inevitable matter. Nor is all this to be wondered at, when it is remembered how successfully all intelligence from the North was excluded from the South. By a most mistaken policy, the Southern press copied from the Northern and European papers, as a general rule, only that which was favorable to the South. It was more than human to withstand an influence so unmingled and universal.

True, as to the inherent and unchangeable right and wrong of the matter, the minds of Union men were unchanged; but they had begun to bow to the thing as to a Providence too mysterious to be understood—a thing in which nothing remained but submission to the will of God—fate, destiny, whatever it was to be called. People in the Border States may have been less astonished, but to the people of the States farther South, thunder from a cloudless sky is less startling than were the tidings that Federal gun-boats had actually run up the Tennessee to Florence, that Fort Henry was taken, that Fort Donelson had fallen, that Nashville had capitulated! The dominant feeling was—bewilderment.

"My dear Helen," Dr. Warner remarked to his wife, in a calm which had followed one of his domestic tempests, "you may depend on it, and your own clear, strong sense will say yes to me in it, truth is much the best plan. Frankly and truthfully, from the first, with my patients is my plan. They have confidence in me then; they are sure to follow my prescriptions faithfully. There is a mutual understanding between us; no miserable dodging and deceiving on either side; and, whatever the result is, we at least know that all has been done from the start that could be done. The South has been grossly deceived by its doctors, I mean its leaders, from the first."

"Yes, you always hated Secession," broke in the partner of his bosom, the canal-gates opening.

"I was not speaking, just then, of Secession, but of the course pursued since then; but it is all of a piece. Either our political doctors were themselves all deceived, or they deliberately and systematically deluded the unfortunate people who had been cast into their hands," observed the mild physician.

"Went it blind, ma," said Bub, who was making a kite on the floor beside his parents, and who could not possibly have been the child of quick-witted Mrs. Warner and not have been himself smart.

"Hold your tongue, Bub!" broke in his mother. "Nice thing, Dr. Warner," she continued, "you are not satisfied not to be a whole-souled Southern man yourself; you are poisoning even the mind of your own child. I have no patience with you, Dr. Warner—cool, slow, patient submissionist you are! The very idea of giving up to those vile Yankees! Before I'd do it I'd die a thousand times over! You laugh at old Colonel Juggins, I know; but if he is a coarse, ignorant, old man I only wish to goodness you were as hearty in the war as he is! He was always wondering what Johnson was doing, staying there at Bowling Green, when he ought to have been across the river into Ohio. And Davis, and the rest of them, lying there not more than twenty miles from Washington, month after month, instead of marching right on, taking Washington, catching and hanging old Lincoln. Set of cowards! You men are all alike. Oh, if I was only a man!"

"What would you do if you were a man?" asked her impassive husband.

"Do! I'd raise fifty thousand brave men, lead them right on into the North, burn every house, batter down every town, kill every man I could! I tell you," said thin Mrs. Warner, her black eyes sparkling, "I'd kill and burn and cut their throats till they'd be glad enough to make peace with us. That's what Mrs. Bowles and Dr. Ginnis say. Instead of that, they are evacuating Bowling Green—running away, I call it—and Davis there in twenty miles of Washington and not going right on! Next thing," continued Mrs. Warner, with bitter sarcasm, "we'll read some morning the precious news that they have evacuated Columbus—even Manassas!"

"My dear," said Dr. Warner, helping himself to another slice of ham—for they were at dinner on the same day as that in which we first introduced them to the reader—"my dear, I do firmly believe that if you *were* a man you would succeed vastly better than nine-tenths of our men. But we have to take them as we find them. However, if you were a man I would have missed the most active and excellent wife in the world, and Somerville the best housekeeper going!"

And it was only the fact; Mrs. Warner *was* the neatest housekeeper in Somerville; as to the other the Doctor lied, and he knew it.

But it was of Colonel Juggins we intended to speak in entering upon this chapter. Slowly rode the Colonel home meditating upon the news. Lamum and Lamum's pile of newspapers had relieved his mind somewhat, but not entirely. There is a certain mysterious assurance which a fact always carries with it wherever it flies: you may deny it loudly, you may hate it heartily; but when a fact comes to the ear, the mind receives it as such by some mystic affinity as a *fact*—recognizes it by spontaneous appetite as the palate recognizes its natural food. As well as he knew his name did Lamum know that the disastrous news from Fort Donelson was true. Dr. Peel knew it. Even Colonel Juggins knew it—acknowledge it? no—yet none the less every body knew it to be true. It was as if the sun had varied from his path. Gracious Heavens, what might not be the next news!

Somehow, before he alighted from his horse at home—some five miles from Somerville—all Lamum's consolation had been dissipated from his mind, and the ugly news remained in all its hideous reality. The Colonel belonged to one of the three classes into which all slave-owners at the South may be divided. As a representative man of this class let us say a word or two in regard to the Colonel.

Tom Juggins was the son of a rich Tennessee planter. There had been six or eight children in all, but what with being thrown from unbroken colts, and cholera morbus from eating green water-melons, and chills and fevers, one by one all the children had died except Tom. As to him, he doubtless owed his special strength of constitution to the fact that he had been suckled from his very birth by a negro "mammy." In that mammy's cabin passed the days of his infancy, his mother being a confirmed invalid, and his father having an unfortunate habit of spending in town and in intoxication pretty much all the time he could spare from field and cotton-house. On the earth floor of his mammy's house Tom learned to walk, and around the chicken-coops in front of it were spent his first hours of play.

In her way never child had a more loving mother than Tom had in his mammy, preferring him, as she decidedly did, to all of her own dark brood. And a very paradise of childhood Tom had of it; permitted to get as dirty as he pleased, very little washing, and no switching whatever. Nor was his childhood less auspicious as it advanced into older years. With a troop of little blacks at his heels he haunted the calf lot and stable-yard, worrying the calves, riding the horses to water "bare-back," hunting and eating all the eggs. With his allies to back him did he stone the cats and the birds, clip the tails and ears of the puppies, kill the snakes, paddle in the spring, and climb the trees. Among his sable associates, too, did he learn and practice many a vice peculiar to their semi-savage nature and easily ingrafted into his.

In due time Tom was sent to school; yet it was very little Tom learned. What with playing truant, and "barring out" the schoolmaster, and holidays occasionally, and idleness all the time, it was very little Tom learned beyond reading, writing, and the beginning of ciphering.

The rest of the story is soon told. After a youth of breaking horses, and swimming and hunting, and accompanying the cotton-wagons occasionally to the nearest city, and frolicking a little at weddings and corn-shuckings, Tom fell in love with and married a neighbor's daughter, and settled down. The death of his parents not very long after devolved the "Place," with all its negroes, on his hands, and Tom went to work ginning cotton and selling it as his fathers did before him. The old log-houses in which his father lived did well enough for him. True, he did once take a notion to build, had vast quantities of stone and sand and lumber hauled for the purpose; but something or other turned up to postpone the matter, and there the heaps of materials continued to lie, an admirable lurking-place for snakes, laying place for hens, and playing-ground for the swarms of little negroes, till winds and rain and towering weeds had made a medieval ruin of the whole.

Year after year in a row of wretched cabins did Tom, now Colonel Juggins, continue to live, as contented in his house as any hand in his little inferior hut hard by. He had become accustomed to bobbing his head in passing through the low doorways, to walking over the rolling puncheon planks which composed the floors. As to the roof, a clap-board or two could be nailed on in half a minute to keep out the worst of the rain, and a rock or so, with a handful of mud, could close up the worst of the cracks between the logs of the wall. Abundantly able to build a stately mansion, the Colonel saw little in his limited travels to awaken desire for any thing beyond what he already was so accustomed to. Besides, the Colonel was fat.

And so rolled the years by with Colonel Juggins. Hardly would he do as a specimen of the terrible slaveholder of excited imaginations. Such there are, but not of that class was this Colonel. His dwelling was first cousin to the worst which any slave on the place occupied. His clothing was rather inferior than otherwise to the Sunday suits of his men. As to his daily food, it was about the same in house and in hut. Very often, in fact, was Mrs. Juggins glad enough, when company unexpectedly came, to borrow of some of their "people" the honey, poultry, eggs, or butter with which to eke out the dinner.

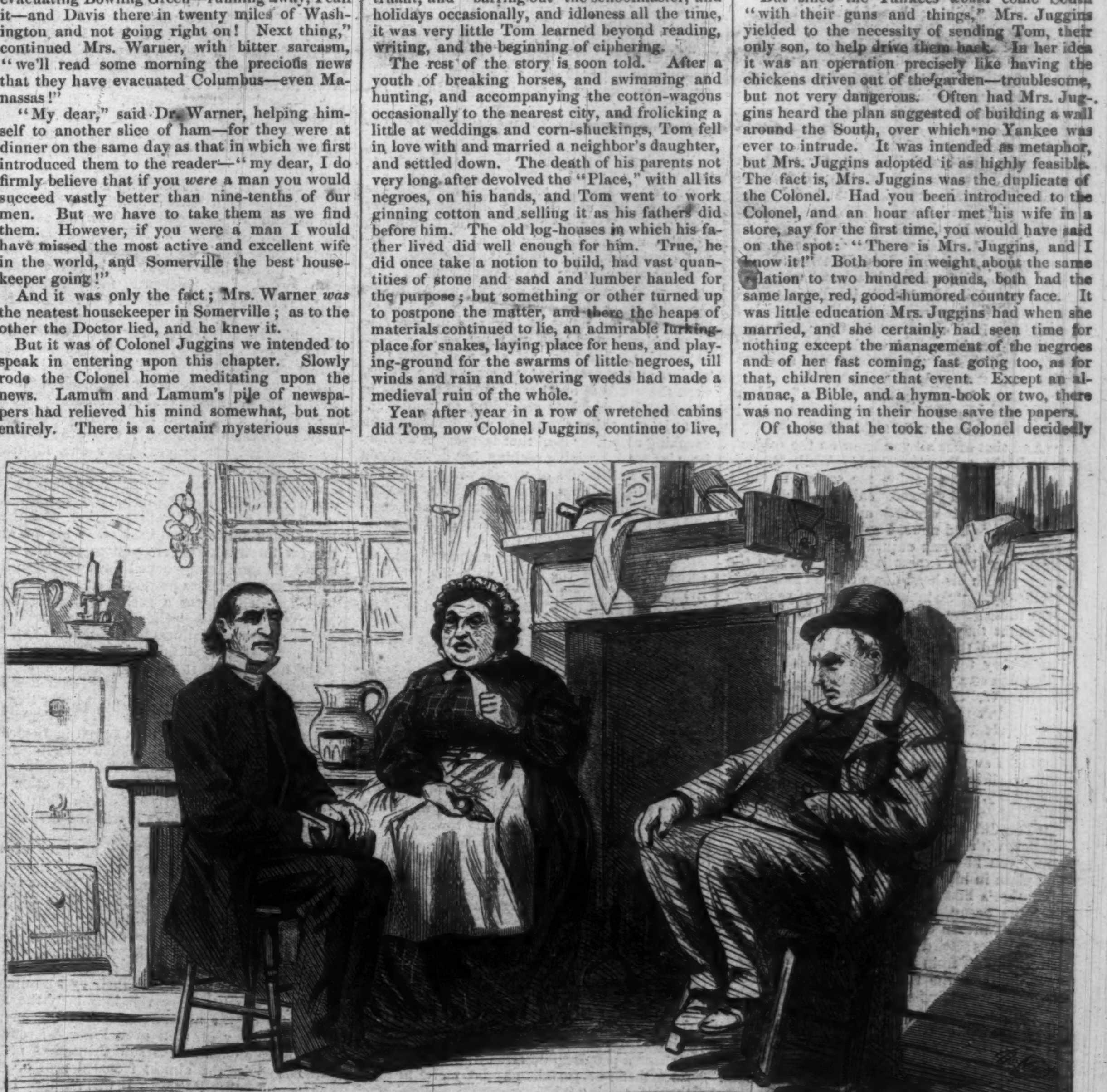
True, the Colonel voted and his hands were denied that inestimable happiness; but, then, the Colonel knew very little more at last about the principles voted for or against than they would have done. The Colonel, having all the responsibility and bother of the "Place," was, upon the whole, much the least happy man on it, and, as to his religious principles, if he was a church-member, so was almost every one of his grown hands, and they had the opportunity of receiving just as much and as good religious instruction from Sabbath to Sabbath as he.

There are two other classes of slave-owners, each as distinct from the other as his is from both. The Yankee owner of slaves, Mr. Neely for instance, and the aristocratic slaveholder, Colonel Ret Roberts as a specimen. Of them we will speak hereafter. I am altogether unwilling to say that the Colonel's is the largest class, the base of the pyramid, because I am not entirely certain that it is so.

"What I've got to say is this: why can't they just stay at home where they are, mind their own matters, and let us alone." That was Mrs. Juggins's opinion in regard to the war. She always mentioned it at table when company was present and the war the topic. With her it was a plain, common-sense solution of the whole matter, embracing the whole thing entirely and conclusively. "We are not going where they live, and bothering them! Why *can't* they let us alone!"

But since the Yankees *would* come South "with their guns and things," Mrs. Juggins yielded to the necessity of sending Tom, their only son, to help drive them back. In her idea it was an operation precisely like having the chickens driven out of the garden—troublesome, but not very dangerous. Often had Mrs. Juggins heard the plan suggested of building a wall around the South, over which no Yankee was ever to intrude. It was intended as metaphor, but Mrs. Juggins adopted it as highly feasible. The fact is, Mrs. Juggins was the duplicate of the Colonel. Had you been introduced to the Colonel, and an hour after met his wife in a store, say for the first time, you would have said on the spot: "There is Mrs. Juggins, and I know it!" Both bore in weight about the same relation to two hundred pounds, both had the same large, red, good-humored country face. It was little education Mrs. Juggins had when she married, and she certainly had seen time for nothing except the management of the negroes and of her fast coming, fast going too, as for that, children since that event. Except an almanac, a Bible, and a hymn-book or two, there was no reading in their house save the papers.

Of those that he took the Colonel decidedly



"WHAT I SAY," ADDED MRS. JUGGINS, "IS JUST THIS."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

preferred his religious paper, which, while it gave him all the news of his church, gave him also Secession in its moral and religious aspect. But, ye Heavens! why is it that the mere say so of a mortal has so much more weight and force when printed than it has when only spoken? No mistake about that paper!

Never in his life could the Colonel read a paper, or any thing else, except aloud and very slowly. In consequence of this his wife managed to get her news without much trouble on her part. Every syllable was believed by the Colonel as he read it, and by his wife with a double faith, because of the fact that it came to her from the lips and backed by the comments and assurances of her husband. If angels are permitted to hover over mortals, one would think the very tongues of such visitants would have struggled to speak out and apprise this poor Colonel Juggins and his wife of the enormous falsehoods which they fed upon thus from day to day with such a pitiful, implicit belief. But no; the Colonel and his wife then in their cabins were but representatives of millions at the South—millions willing to know and to do the right, yet so systematically, so awfully, so utterly blinded! To keep them apprised of the arts by which they were deluded would have withheld the heavenly guardians from all the enjoyments of bliss in unintermitting activity. Ah, how even angel bosoms must have heaved to smite with flaming swords the guilty authors of the gigantic delusion! How patient is God! And if the inhabitants of heaven know what goes on upon earth, largely must they be partakers of this attribute of the divine nature—else would heaven cease to them to be heaven, at least so long as earth continues to sin and to suffer beneath it.

It was an immense relief to Colonel Juggins, as he entered the door of his house, to find Brother Barker there. Pete Shehan had assisted him in regard to Fort Donelson for a time as he rode into town, Lamum had cheered him a little for the moment, but Brother Barker was worth more than all besides. Pete, Lamum, and the rest were all very well, but what Brother Barker said fell on the ears of the Colonel with all the weight of religious truth. From his earliest recollection the Colonel had been accustomed to receive as certainly true what his preacher said whether in the pulpit or out of it. Besides, Brother Barker proved all he advanced from Scripture itself. To doubt Brother Barker's conclusions was irreligious, and the Colonel hadn't been a "member" for thirty years now—class leader, steward, and all—to do that!

"And what do *you* think of this last Fort Donelson news?" asked the Colonel, immediately after saluting his guest, and making himself comfortable by seating himself in a hide-bottomed chair and tilting himself back in it against the wall.

"As I see you do, Brother Juggins—painful, painful intelligence," replied the preacher.

"You believe in it, then?" asked the Colonel, slowly and with a sinking heart.

"Believe in it? Certainly I do. There isn't the least doubt, as I can see, but the Federals are in possession of Donelson and Nashville, Tuscumbia and Huntsville, too, for what we know!"

"Well, you take it easier like than I can," said the planter, with a gloomy brow.

"Why not, Brother Juggins? It is of the Lord, isn't it? Besides, what do I care, and what ought you to care about Donelson, Nashville, and the like, when I know and when you know what the end of it all is certain to be? Why, Brother Juggins, whatever I expected of a worldling I didn't expect it of you. A man out in the world, now, I wouldn't be surprised at, but you!" And the preacher was as cheerful as his host was gloomy.

"I was hopin' strong it wasn't true," said the planter, after some time. "To me it sounds mighty bad, no use tryin' to hide it."

"And that after all you know on the subject, after all the talk we've had! Well, Brother Juggins, you must pardon me saying it, but I am surprised and grieved," said the preacher.

"Surprised at what?" asked the planter. "Bad news *is* bad news, I suppose."

"Strange; human nature; well; oh yes, of course; ought to expect it at last," mused the preacher, with his head down on his bosom as if in soliloquy. "So many thousands of years ago it was those Jews talked the same way! At it the instant they heard Pharoah's chariots rattling behind them. Very first sound of the wheels they forgot Moses, forgot God, forgot every thing except that Pharoah was after them. Umph! Well. Yes."

"I hadn't thought of it exactly that way," said the planter, accepting the reproof humbly, and seeing consolation in it.

"Did I ever say we would escape some fighting, some being defeated before we got through?" asked the preacher—"tell me now, Brother Juggins."

"You did at the firset, as I mind," said the planter, with a thoughtful brow. "Christian Israel you know we were. Baldwin, he made that plain in his book. Abraham driv out from his father's house, our forefathers driv of God over the ocean, God's special people in both cases. Thirteen tribes settled in Canaan, thirteen colonies settled in America. Some of them tribes split off from the rest, some of our States split off from the rest, too. And, you mind, when Secession first started, come to think of it, you proved from the Bible there would be no fight, not a bit. God wouldn't let that fool son of Solomon fight the tribes that split off even when he wanted to. There was goin' to be no fight, no fight at all! God himself would interpose to hinder, you said. And it *did* look mighty plain."

"But, Brother Juggins—" began the preacher.

"In one moment, Brother Barker. I've been studyin' over it, and I want to speak about that Christian Israel idea while I remember. I've been wantin' to ask you; it don't seem to gee like. In the Bible the tribes that split off were all except two; in our case it's the fewer number has split off from the larger number. Then, and this hurts me worst, the tribes that split off were the ones that sinned against God in the thing, that became worse and worse, that went to—what *did* ever become of them?—while the tribes that they split off from remained the favored people of God, had Jerusalem, and the Temple, and all. I tell you, Brother Barker, it was all very pretty when you first look at it, but the more you study into it—there was that about there being no fightin' permitted of God between the tribes when the break-up took place. I declare, for one man, I don't understand it!" concluded the old planter, somewhat testily.

"Brother Juggins," said the preacher, gravely, "do I understand you to say that you have studied Baldwin's book from end to end, deeply, thoroughly?"

"No, *Sir*," said the planter. "It's near three inches thick, that book. I only skimmed over it—a little here and a little there."

"I really do not think, Brother Juggins," said the preacher, in a tone of expostulation, "that you ought to decide so upon what you say yourself you never studied to the bottom."

"Well, perhaps so," said the planter, as he remembered how ponderous was the volume in question, and how very little he had mastered its contents. "But there was not one syllable about Secession in the whole book, I know that, any how. It was Monarchy and Democracy that was to fight the battle of Armageddon in the Mississippi Valley. Not one hint about Secession!"

And Colonel Juggins was not the only one who had puzzled over the book in question—"ARMAGEDDON, OR THE UNITED STATES IN PROPHECY." You saw the thick and well-thumbed volume on every shelf during the two or three years before Secession.

"Brother Baldwin *was* mistaken about that," consented the preacher. "But he has found out his mistake, and, they say, is lecturing like wild-fire every where setting people right. I believe as certain as I do my own existence those prophecies in the Bible about the South and our Confederacy. I'll talk with you any day about them as long as you like. No man, at least no Christian man, can study those prophecies and say they don't have reference to the Confederacy. But we won't talk about that now. Brother Juggins, will you favor me with a Bible?"

The Bible was found, dusted, and brought. Mrs. Juggins drew still nearer with her knitting.

"Brother Juggins," said the preacher, after he had found the place in the large, well-thumbed Bible, and putting on his pulpit manner as an Episcopal clergyman would put on his gown, "you often say you are a plain man. Well, you can understand a plain passage in the Bible—"

"That passage in Timothy?" inquired the Colonel.

"I know we've been over it often before," said the preacher, "but we can hardly have too much of the Bible, I suppose. This book was given to guide us. Brother Juggins? Sister Juggins?" Very solemnly. The persons in question nodded a hearty assent. "Now listen," continued the preacher, and he read, in a slow, solemn manner: "It's First Timothy, sixth chapter. 'Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their *own* masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed.' Next verse isn't so much to the pint. Next is: 'If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness.' That is, any thing against slavery he's just been speaking about. 'He,' that is, every Abolitionist, 'is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness.'

"Now let us hold on one moment," said the preacher, closing the book, with his finger in the place. "I just ask you, Brother Juggins, Sister Juggins, isn't all that a description of the Northern people—the Abolitionists?"

"I suppose it *is*," said the planter for self and wife.

"What I say," added Mrs. Juggins, "is just this. Why can't them people stay at their own home, mind their own business, let us alone? We ain't goin' up where they live to trouble *them*."

"Exactly, Sister Juggins. But here's what I want to get at," continued the preacher. "This is the Word of God we're reading. It says all that of the Northern people plain and clean. Next it tells us exactly our duty toward them—it's as plain as any part of the Bible. Listen:" and the preacher opened the Bible again, and, running his finger under the passage, read, very slowly and with prodigious emphasis, the rest of the verse, "'From—such—*withdraw*—thyself!'"

"Yes, just so; that was your sermon about Secession. I can't see how any thing *can* be clearer from Scripture than that," said the planter.

"Wait a moment, Brother Juggins; I'm not through yet. I want to ask you one plain question. Do you suppose God ever commands a man or a people to do any thing and then punishes them, or permits any body else to punish them, for doing it?"

"No, *Sir!*" said the planter.

"Well, we are beginning to see our way out, then. As you well know, Brother Juggins, the South was only obeying this direct command of God in withdrawing itself from the North and setting up for itself. A man is stone-blind who don't see that our Secession was the command of God. And here you are talking to me about Fort Donelson and Nashville," continued the preacher, becoming greatly excited, "frightened by the pursuing Egyptians, exactly like those Jews were, as if God did not *command* us to leave, as if God was not going with us in leaving! He lets Fort Donelson and Nashville be taken just to prove us and to try us, as he said to the Jews, and I'd like to know how we are standing the trial. He gave us that great victory at Manassas just to show us, in a way we couldn't help seeing if we was to try to, that God was with us. But what's the result? People forget God, say we did it all ourselves; we're waxing fat and kicking, and now He is letting us be whipped a little just to show who it is that raiseth up one and casteth down another."

"I liked mightily what you said in your last sermon, Brother Barker," remarked the planter, after a pause of rumination; "all that about the hearts of the kings bein' in the hand of the Lord to turn about as he pleased. Only I wish England and France would make haste and show some of it. Them Powers have been just goin' to acknowledge the Confederacy every paper I've read since we set it up; somehow they hain't done it yet—"

"Brother Juggins," interrupted the preacher, in a sad tone, "it was hard to wean you from your old notions about that old Union in the first place; it was like drawing your eye-teeth, you know; and now that you are on the right track it is awful work to keep you to it. It's true, we have been acknowledged by England and the rest before now, if we only knew it, or soon will be; but, don't you see, it's wrong in us to look to them so much. Trusting in Assyria and going down into Egypt will be just our sin, as it was the sin of God's other peculiar people. I tell you now, we're going to get it worse and worse from the North till we learn to trust only in the Lord. I believe you know I've had some experiences in religion—real, warm experiences; you want to know what is my strongest experience now—the religious feeling which happifies me most?"

The planter and his wife looked up expectingly.

"It is that we here at the South are God's chosen people. Promises of Scripture have come out to me plain before now; but I just tell you this, nothing in the lids of this book has ever stood out from the page so plain to me as that. The North has gone off into Free-Loving, Garrisonism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, and that worst and blackest of all kinds of infidelity—Abolitionism. There was some religion there once; but that makes it worse—it's apostasy the North has fallen into, deep-reaching, wide-spreading, universal apostasy—and God has just given them over to it. But he has rescued the South—he has called us out. If there's one single *ism* here at the South *I* never saw it—not even Universalism. Talk to me! Can't you *see* that you may as well give up all the Bible if you give up what it says on our side? God on our side? The God *I* worship is! He to help those people who have apostatized from him! I'm as certain this day he's on our side as I am there *is* any God. As a just Lord he *can't* help those people—*can't* do it! Look at the Jews! Don't you *see* how he punished their enemies with sword, fire, pestilence, famine, and the like. If those poor, miserable, blinded Yankees only knew it—the ruin that is coming upon them from his hand! I never felt to pray for a revival in my life as I've felt to pray for their defeat and destruction. It's the Lord in me! Ever since they broke up our Church there in New York, in the General Conference of forty-four, the Church South has been praying and praying for this Confederacy. Glory to his name, he has heard our prayer! For one, I'll trust him for the rest!"

But it would be unreasonable to suppose we can record all that Brother Barker said. A small, pale man was Brother Barker, with thin, lank, black hair combed back off of his low and narrow forehead. Were you to see him in a crowd his small and stooped form promised little of the tremendous powers of speech possessed by him. There was a peculiar thickness and heaviness about his eyelids which gave an additional aspect of dullness to the man. Yet, let Brother Barker get fairly into the stand, and fully under way in a sermon, brighter and brighter grew his eyes, faster and faster flew his arms, and words rushed to his lips faster than he could deliver them. Like most of his denomination, the disruption of his Church in 1844 had begun in his bosom an alienation of feeling from the North which had steadily increased ever since disruption had followed in the other denominations; but Brother Barker's Church was decidedly in the lead, as it was the first in the agitation.

Perhaps not a member or minister of the Church itself dreamed how deeply and thoroughly it was leavened in the matter. The act of Secession revealed an earnestness and intensity of alienation in the denomination to the North which surprised the Southern politicians as much as it gratified them. Bishops, presiding elders, preachers, papers, it was a powerful organization ready to the work—in their eyes a religious work. As with every religious body the feeling was deeper and stronger than any merely political body of men ever know. Even the most heated politicians saw themselves utterly distanced by the almost frenzied zeal of such men as Brother Barker. It was not only heart, it was soul these threw into it. And no one can estimate the immense power exerted by such men in all the denominations at the South.

Accustomed to receive as religious truth every thing coming from such a source; impressed, and which is far from being the popular feeling in regard to the politicians, with the disinterested, heart-felt sincerity of their spiritual guides; aware of the moral purity, too, of these, no wonder the masses of the South were so moved by the unceasing efforts of their ministers. No one at all familiar with the South but knows that the Southern clergy accomplished more for Secession than all other instrumentalities combined. By far the ablest arguments and the most eloquent appeals for Secession were from ministers; and what the mass of inferior ministers lacked in ability and eloquence in the pulpit and by the press they more than made up by their universal, incessant, and eager influence during the week, and the power of, at least, their public prayers on the Sabbath.

Assuming as impregnable that theological foundation for slavery which the last thirty or forty years has seen evolved from Scripture, those among the Secessionists who were believers in the Bible planted themselves thereupon as upon rock—making thereupon and therefrom their confident appeal to God for success. And since the universe afforded no other conceivable ground to stand upon in the matter, the pious were not the only ones to avow this as their position. Multitudes who never opened the Bible had awful reverence for this one divine institution if for no other decreed therein. Avowed infidels, too, accepted eagerly so much of Sacred Writ as proved slavery right, even though they scouted all the remainder as fable. And it is a fact worth recording, that, as a universal thing, the right and the wrong of the whole movement settled down, amidst a thousand side considerations, unanimously into this. The abiding of the appeal made to God in battle upon this point, in case it was decided against the institution, was a contingency which never entered the mind—no anticipation of or provision for that. History furnishes no instance of men more absolutely confident of the aid of Heaven. The nearest parallel to their confidence in history is seen in the case of the Zealots in Jerusalem at its bloody fall. Ah, direst of all infatuation to count with such confidence that Almighty God is upon our side when He is—not!

THE BONE MAN OF HOSTONIC.

IN a recess beside the great west door of the church of Hostonic, in Bohemia, stood for many generations a gaunt skeleton, its skull drooping on the breast, and the hands folded as though in prayer. Immediately before it was the tomb of a noble family once residing in the neighborhood, but now extinct.

The strange attitude of the skeleton fixed the idea in the popular mind that the Bone Man prayed without ceasing to a dead woman who lay in the vault before him. Several times was the skeleton removed from its niche and buried under the green sod in the church-yard, but on the following morning those who came to early mass saw the grave open and the turf folded back, and within the sacred building stood, as before, the white Bone Man with drooping head and folded hands, at the vault door. And well might he be condemned by the judgment of God to stand thus, year by year, before the tomb, for long ago he had been a lawless knight, fearing not God, nor regarding man, and he had come in his wanderings to Hostonic, where he had seen the Lily of Hostonic, the only daughter of the nobleman who then inhabited the castle whose ruins are now the haunt of the owl, and he had brought the Lily to shame and to an early death. When the old lord in anger slew him his corpse would not rest in its grave, but rose, and stationed itself at the head of the tomb, with the dim eyes fixed on the sepulchral stone which hid the Lily, and there he awaited his release. The corpse became a skeleton, centuries rolled by, and still that release had not been effected. But one morning those who went to church found the niche empty, and the skeleton had crumbled into a little heap of gray dust. How this was effected I will relate, as the Bohemian peasantry tell the tale.

One night there was uproar in the tavern of Hostonic; three brothers, with their pockets full of money, had been drinking and gambling all day, and purposed continuing the same amusements all night. Their drunken shouts and laughter continued till long after every house in the village was closed and every light extinguished.

They were waited upon by a servant girl who had been deserted by her husband, and who had but lately, for the first time, become a mother. By her poverty she had been driven into service. Many a rude and ugly joke at her expense was made by the tipsy men, but she remained silent, modestly and patiently waiting on them without speaking more than was necessary.

As she came out of the cellar with full pitcher, one of the brothers said to her, laughing:

"Well, my girl! I suppose you are busy making clothes for the baby, eh?"

"Ah, Sir!" she replied; "I have not the materials of which to make them; would that I had! The poor little lamb will need them, indeed!"

"I'll tell you what," said the second brother, shaking his head drunkenly; "you must earn the money to buy them, and the cradle, too."

"Only too willingly, Sir!"

"Well, I don't mind giving you the money," continued the thoughtless fellow; "if you will do something for it."

"Any thing which is not beyond my strength," said the girl, eagerly, as her cheek flushed with hope; "tell me what I am to do, and I will do it."

"Nothing very difficult, my girl, no-thing ve-ry dif-fi-cult," quoth the intoxicated man; and then, with a burst of laughter, he said, looking round to his brothers for applause, "you shall fetch me the skeleton which stands at the church door! Eh, lads, she shall do that, sha'n't she; and we will pay her?"

The maid recoiled in horror, and her cheek blanched.

"Oh, Sir!" she said, faintly, "do not make a mock of me in my misery, and tempt God with such profanities!"

But the other brothers praised him who had made the offer, and drawing their purses from their pockets they poured out thalers and groschens, and made of them a small pile in the middle of the table.

"There!" shouted they, "fetch us the Bone Man, and you shall have this as a baptismal gift for your brat."

The poor girl trembled in every limb; she looked at the money and then at the red, heated faces of the drunken men, and she knew not what to say. That little pile of silver would, indeed, be a god-send to her—but at what a cost was it to be won? She thought of the gloomy church-yard, and the solemn church, shrouded in darkness, and of the skeleton standing in the wall niche before the tomb.

"Come, you must not be long making up your mind," said the eldest of the brothers; "we do not make such offers more than once."

"Let me have two minutes to decide," she begged, looking once more at the money, and then, flying to her chamber, she bent over her little one and kissed it. "Any thing for thee, my poor one!" she sighed; "and if it be a sin, may God in His mercy pardon me." Then, after having crossed herself, she returned to the parlor and agreed to do what the three men required.

As she left the tavern all was dark, a keen wind blew over the country, beneath a still, star-spangled, cloudless sky; it wailed among the eaves of the houses, and tossed the autumn leaves about in the square of the little town. The church stood on a rise; as the young woman approached it her heart beat faster.

She opened the church-yard gate as the evening bell tinkled; she stood still, and recited her "Ave Maria" with fervor, then stepped out of sight, to allow the sexton to return without observing her. The old man, bent double with age, went coughing from the grave-yard to his bed, and she remained alone among the dead. For some moments a struggle raged within her; she shuddered at the prospect of what she had to do, and felt disposed to return to the inn, but love for her babe prevailed, and she walked up the path leading to the church door.

And now there was a feeble glimmer in the east, and the new moon peeped above the horizon; and she shuddered as she stepped into the shadow of a mulberry-tree which grew in the church-yard.

She turned the handle of the door, and the latch flew up with a noise which was echoed through the vaults and aisles of the church. A feeble, rosy glow from the lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament gleamed on the altar, but a white moonbeam through a low window fell along the west wall, bringing out the skull and folded hands as frosted silver, in strong relief against the ebon gloom of the recess in which stood the Bone Man of Hostonic. As the frightened girl looked on the skeleton it seemed to her as though the fleshless mouth moved in prayer, and as though a blue flame flickered in the eye-cavities.

The girl summoned up all her courage, grasped the skeleton, flung it upon her back, and ran through the church-yard, passed the gate, flew with her rattling load across the market-place, dashed into the tavern, cast the Bone Man on the table, and, sinking on to a bench, burst into a flood of tears.

A silence fell upon those in the room; all looked with a shudder at the heap of bones, and then with astonishment at the girl. Even the three brothers recoiled from the skeleton as it was flung before them; the courage of the maid amazed them; they had reckoned on her turning back at the church-yard gate, and had calculated on joking her on the failure of her courage.

But the eldest, staggering to his feet, said: "I tell you all, the lass has well earned her money. She shall have it, and sit down by us and have a drop of something to warm her too."

In the mean while the girl had somewhat recovered herself, and she was called to the table to give an account of her expedition. But she, still pale with fear, only replied to their questions with:

"God saved me from any thing very terrible; but, as I carried the skeleton, it seemed to me as though *some one* were following. Not for any money would I do it again."

"But what is to be done with the Bone Man?" asked one of the brothers; "he can not remain here, and I daren't take him back."

"Nor I," said the second.

"And I am quite sure," hiccoughed the third, "that I couldn't walk as far."

"The skeleton must go back, that is positive," said the first: "we shall get into trouble if it is found here."

"Then let her who brought it take it back," thundered out the second with an oath.

The maid, shuddering at the thought of having to make the horrible expedition again, exclaimed, "That was not part of our agreement. I have kept my portion of the contract, and you have said yourself that I have earned the money."

"So you have, my girl; so you have, undoubtedly," said the fellow; "but hang it! we don't want to have a skeleton lying among our glasses, and under our very noses, while we are making merry. I'd take it myself to its proper place, were my legs steady enough, and my conscience clear. We will give you more money, if you will replace the Bone Man in his old position in Hostonic Church."

"Oh, Sir!" gasped the maid; "I can not, indeed! I swore that I never would tempt God like this again for the love of gold."

"Nor shall you," quoth the toper; "not a groschen shall you get from any of us, if you do as we bid you; but this will I promise—I have no children of my own, and I will pay for the education of your little babe when it is old enough to go to school, and I call these comrades here to witness that the lad shall not be unremembered in my will."

The maid looked with trembling at the hideous object which spraddled across the table. Her breast heaved, she folded her hands in prayer and closed her eyes. The agitation of her feelings, and the battle of conflicting passions, were clearly traceable on her countenance. Suddenly her face became calm.

"As you wish," she said, resolutely, "it is God's will. Yours be the sin, and you will have to answer for it."

As she spoke she lifted the clickering frame of bones, and slung it on her back. Firmly grasping her load, she went forth into the night, and none ventured to follow her.

Would you know the cause of the girl's courage? As she had prayed, an idea shot into her brain as an inspiration from God, that she should dedicate her child to the church; she took the thought as a revelation of Divine will, and vowed there and then to offer her little one to God, if He would protect her on her expedition.

She traversed the market-place with her clattering burden, and began to ascend the hill, scarcely hearing the rattle made by the bones, for she had become used to the sound.

But as she neared the grave-yard the weight of her load became greater and greater, and the burden bowed her down. This she did not observe at first, as her senses were in a whirl of confusion, but, at the lych gate, it became so evident that she was filled with overwhelming horror. In crossing the church-yard she sank repeatedly to her knees, all but prostrated beneath the load which seemed to weigh a hundred-weight. It was with a desperate effort that she scrambled into the church, reached the niche, and tried to shake off her awful burden. With unspeakable horror she found that this was now beyond her power, for the fingers had interlaced upon her bosom, and the arms held her as in a vice.

A voice like the moaning of wind through distant trees rushed into her ear, and a chill breath stirred over her cheek.

"I will not let thee go till thou swearest to obtain pardon for me from her below. Descend into the vault and pray for me."

Every hair on the poor girl's head stiffened, and a cold sweat broke out upon her brow. She shivered as a leaf in the wind, and was unable to articulate a word in reply.

"Wilt thou do my will?" asked the voice, and the maid felt the hands tightening their grasp, and heard the creaking of the bone fingers against each other.

"I will!" gasped she in her deadly fear. The fingers fell apart with a click, and the burden slipped from her shoulders. She turned and looked at the skeleton. A dim and phantom life seemed to animate its countenance; there was an expression of unutterable eagerness in the fleshless face, and a shiver of anxiety vibrating through the bony limbs. The jaws stirred, and the same strange voice rushed into the girl's ear.

"Lift the stone from the vault door, and go down the steps. You will find at the bottom a woman in black, sitting in her coffin, by lamplight reading a book. Plead with her for pardon. Till she pardons me I can find no forgiveness with God."

The maid obeyed. She lifted the slab from its place by the iron ring which was riveted into it; it rose at her touch, and disclosed a steep flight of stone steps.

With swimming brain the girl descended into the vault. At the further end burned a dim flame. A soft cool air breathed over her cheek. As she reached the lowest step she looked round. The vault was capacious, with groined roof supported by huge drums of Romanesque pillars. A feeble glimmer irradiated it. On all sides were stone coffins with armorial bearings sculptured upon them. On some lay withered wreaths of flowers, on others corroded swords or helmets. The light by which all this was rendered visible proceeded from the small saffron flame of a lamp suspended in the centre of the vault over an open sarcophagus. There, draped in black, in her stone coffin, with her pale face supported on her hand, her head surrounded with a garland of faded roses, sat a woman reading out of a large book which lay open on her lap. The maid approached her with vacillating steps, and bent the knee before her. Not a motion in the solemn reading figure. The white face was not raised, nor the shadowed eyes lifted from the pages of the book.

With faltering voice the girl besought forgiveness for the Bone Man. No answer. The woman in the coffin seemed to be unconscious of the presence of a living being before her. More earnestly pleaded the maid, her heart beating, and a deep anxiety to obtain the knight's release, filling her compassionate bosom. She called to the woman's remembrance her old love for the knight, the deep sorrow which he had endured for so many ages, standing deprived of rest before her tomb.

The reading woman shook her head without raising her eyes.

With heavy heart the girl retraced her steps, despairing of obtaining any thing from the lady in the vault. At the top of the stair stood the Bone Man bathed in pure moonlight, an expression of agonized expectation on his face, every bone clickering with emotion.

"Am I forgiven?"

"She has not forgiven you," answered the maid, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Back, back into the vault, and plead till you have obtained my pardon."

The maid would have spoken, but the skeleton raised its hand and pointed peremptorily toward the vault, and the girl felt constrained to obey. Fear now disappeared, and she felt the warm blood flow into her cheek as evenly as though she were at home rocking her babe.

Again she knelt to the woman in black, and prayed with fervor for the Bone Man. She pleaded by the hopes of salvation, the mercy of God, the Redeemer's wounds; her tears fell on the sepulchre floor; she wrung her hands, and sobs broke the thread of her prayer. Still the pale woman remained unmoved; still did she read in the great book without raising her eyes to the weeping petitioner before her, and only at intervals shook her head. An hour passed thus; the girl clasped the rim of the sarcophagus, and writhed in the vehemence of her supplication on the pavement. There was no change in the pallid woman, save that the wreath about her temples had shed its withered leaves, and had broken into tiny fresh buds.

Faint and weary, despairing of success, the poor girl again retraced her steps to the upper world. The skeleton was at the top, leaning forward in breathless eagerness, and gray fear spread over its ghastly face.

"Has she forgiven me?"

The maid sadly shook her head.

"Back again," moaned the strange voice; "without you I can not obtain pardon. If you can not procure my release I am accursed forever. Quick! midnight is long past, and all must be decided before cock-crow."

The trembling bony hands were wrung in bitterness of distress.

Once more the maid descended. The same scene was re-enacted. Again she supplicated, and again for all answer she obtained was the shake of the pale woman's head. The girl had pleaded by the name of every thing sacred, and had failed; she seemed to have nothing left by which to plead; but, with her head on the cold floor in the exhaustion of her hope, she asked for pardon for the knight in the name of her own little new-born babe.

At the word the great book was closed, the pale woman looked up, and a flush ran over her face, the wreath of roses around her head burst into a glorious white flower, filling the vault with exquisite fragrance.

"For the sake of thy little babe he is pardoned," said the woman. Then she sank back in her coffin, the great book fell closed on her breast, the lid shut down with a clash, and the lamp went out.

The maid hurried above with joyous heart, guided by the patch of silver which the moon cast on the topmost step.

"She has pardoned you!" she cried, as she saw the white face gleaming down to her.

The voice which replied was soft as the murmur of a summer breeze among the corn.

"You have done well in asking in behalf of an innocent child. I in my life spared not innocence, and God sentenced me to find no rest till in the name of an innocent child I could obtain release."

The skeleton knelt toward the Blessed Sacrament, before which burned the sanctuary lamp.

"Glory be to God!" he said, and extended his fleshless arms, and his jaws moved in prayer and thanksgiving.

The girl looked at him, kneeling in the glory of the moon, and a sweetness and calm settled over the face, divesting it of all that was dreadful. Softly and almost imperceptibly he seemed to melt away, with the peaceful and beautiful expression on the uplifted countenance steadily brightening; and when the crowing of the cock rang out sharply through the night air the Bone Man of Hostonic was a little heap of dust.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DARKNESS VISIBLE.—Two individuals were inveighing against the bad lighting of Brooklyn. "It's infamous!" exclaimed one. "Why, look at that gas. I declare it's quite black." "Yes, you may say, lamp-black," rejoined his companion. "And jet-black, too," as quickly added the first denunciator. And the witty pair disappeared in the gloomy distance laughing. It was evident that with them, at least, the brightness of their humor made some amends for the darkness of the streets.

A young lady who was asked by her friends whether it was true that she was engaged to a certain gentleman, replied to each one, innocently, "Not as yet."

THE BILL-STICKER'S PARADISE.—The Great Wall of China.

LIGHT LITERATURE.—The books of a gas company.

What proof is there in the Bible that Pharaoh was a carpenter?—He made Joseph a *ruler*.

EXCLUSIVELY TO PAPER MANUFACTURERS.—What should be the size of a Spiritual Magazine?—*Medium*, of course.

SIGNS OF WINTER.

When you think that you don't know whether the first bell has been rung or not.

When it strikes you that your watch is at least ten minutes fast; and so if you get up when the minute-hand is "at a quarter to" you'll be in capital time.

That if you could only be taken out of bed to be washed and dressed in a second by machinery, you wouldn't mind getting up.

That another five minutes' sleep will make you all right for the day.

That it's three minutes *to* the half-hour, and you'll get up exactly *at* the half-hour.

That it's just one minute past the half-hour, so you'll get up exactly at the thirty-five minutes.

That as five minutes won't make much difference, say, get up at the quarter punctually.

The following considerations will also lead you to the conclusion that the winter has come at last:

That you can't get up without hot water.

That you don't think that water is quite hot.

That he had better bring a little more water, please, and take care it's quite hot.

That you can't get up until your clothes are all ready for you.

That a little snooze while James is bringing the clothes (and while he fetches some more hot water) will do you all the good in the world.

That when you *do* get up you won't be a second dressing.

That you'll get up in exactly *two* minutes from now.

That (the two minutes having passed) you'll just settle what you're going to do to-day, and *then* get up.

That, if that's the first bell, you've plenty of time; and if it's the second, it's no good hurrying up now, as you're late any how.

The consideration that is generally required before making a move out of bed is in itself a pretty sure sign of the presence of winter.

THE HEIGHT OF GOOD-BREEDING.—The giants Chang and Anak, it is said by those who know them, are most estimable persons, and indeed we must allow that every one looks up to them.

SIGNS.

When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that one in the house will shortly receive a licking.

If a woman cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky for her husband.

To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purs will be the consequence.

To have sixteen warts on the left hand is a sign that you are unfortunate.

To take the gridiron down from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage—or if it isn't, it ought to be.

The *Scientific American* has an article on "Water as a direct agent in the production of milk." We believe the evidence in this case is unquestionable.

"What would you take, my man, to carry a message for me from here (the Fulton Ferry-house) to the Croton Reservoir?" asked a gentleman of a laborer the other morning, at the same time pulling out his purse. "Faith, Sir," replied the man, "an' if I'd do it at all for ye, *I'd take the Fifth Avenue Omnibus!*"

The following is a *verbatim et literatim* report of the evidence given in a magistrates' court by a negro man named Doctor Jones, who accused another negro man named Washington of stealing his watch:

"I'se name Doctor Jones—name so 'cause old master named Doctor. I was settin' in de shop; my watch hanging on de wall. Dat nigger (pointing to Washington) come in, sot down, got up, went out, and de watch was dismissed. Dat's all I know about it."

CON. BY A CREDITOR.—Why should every lamplighter be named William?—Because Bills run up so quickly.

LOCKS.

What lock frequently represents union without unity?—*Wed*lock.

What lock is most in request among physicians?—Lock*jaw*.

What lock must be looked for *out* of *doors* and on the ground?—*Hem*lock.

What lock is generally lost in the decline of life?—Lock of hair.

A QUESTION FOR RIFLEMEN.—When a star shoots how many points does it make?

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.—Houses are run up in a few weeks by landlords, and run down by tenants ever after.

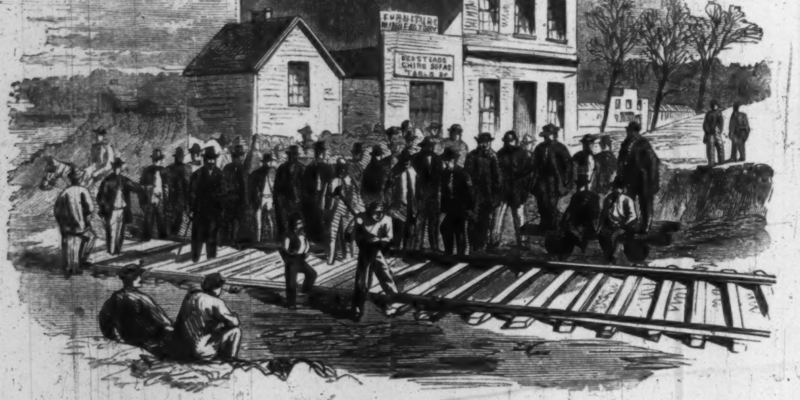
THE CATTLE PLAGUE IN IRELAND.—The plague, we regret to inform our readers, has broken out among the Irish bulls—several of which, driven jocularly into conversation, have fallen dead among the audience. To prevent the spread of the disease the Lord Mayor of Dublin has ordered that "The tune the old cow died of" shall not be played in any public thoroughfare.

A gallant captain of a whaler took for his motto, "Blubber forever." "Sha'n't," said his widow, re-marrying.

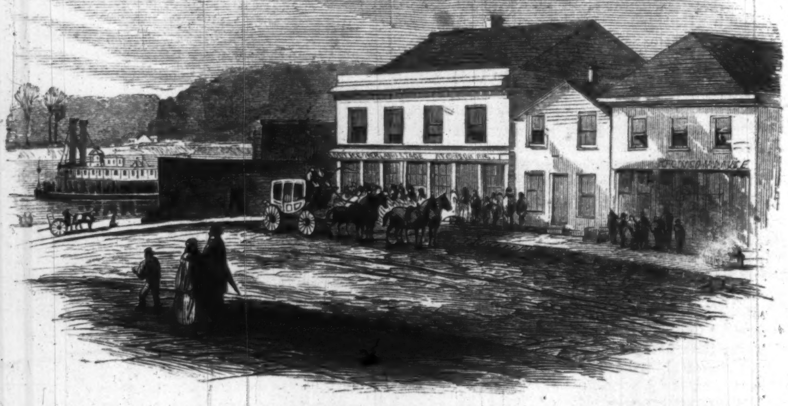
WATERFALL *VERSUS* FALL ON THE ICE.

WARY OLD GENT. "Fell on your back, did you?—Well, do as I do—borrow a waterfall from one of the girls—makes a capital fender!"

BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND MAIL-COACH STARTING OUT FROM ATCHISON, KANSAS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]

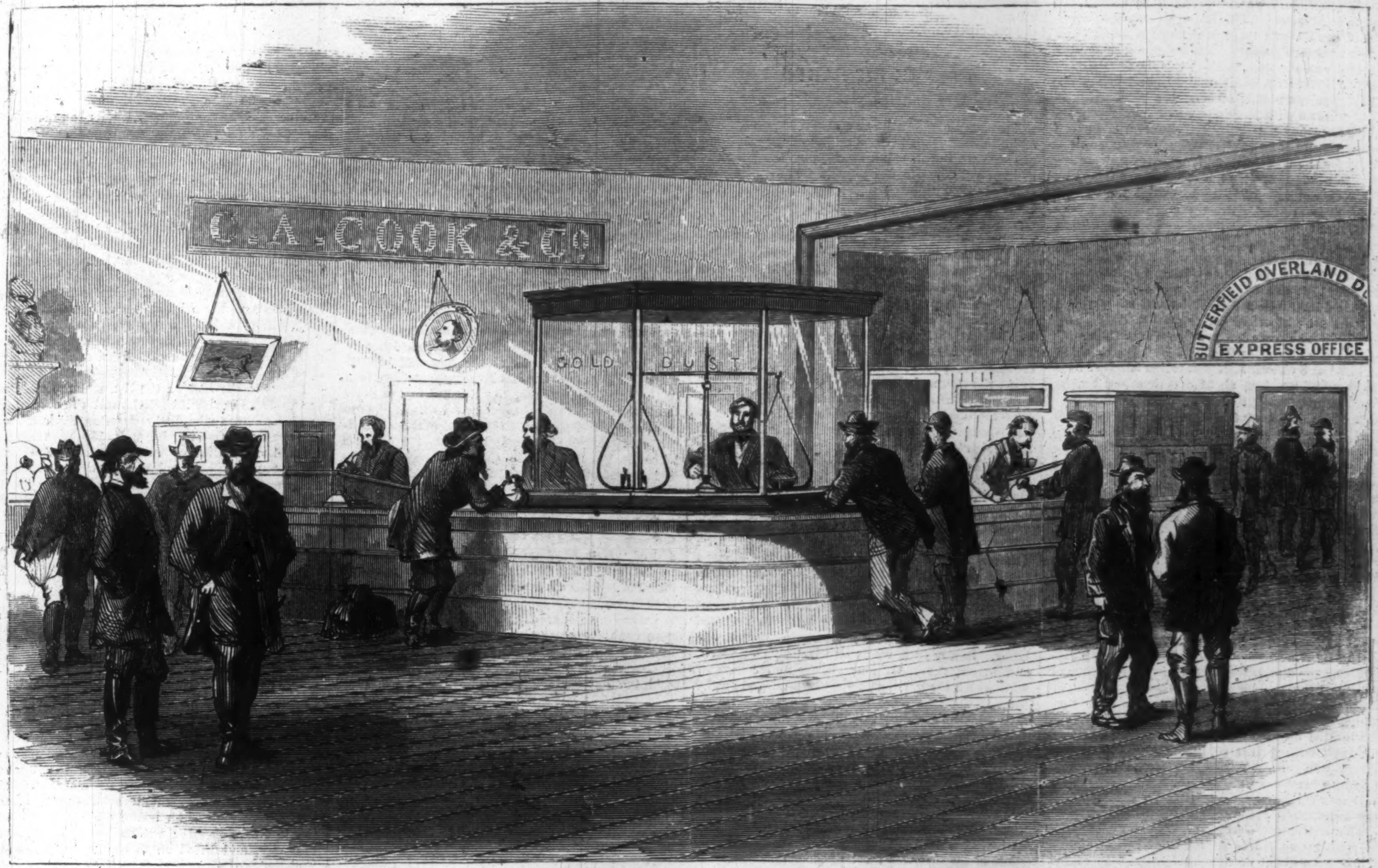


DRIVING THE FIRST SPIKE ON THE ATCHISON AND PIKE'S PEAK RAILROAD.
[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



EASTERN TERMINUS OF BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND ROUTE, ATCHISON, KANSAS.
[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]

OUR ARTIST'S TRIP ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE—"COUNCIL OF WAR" ON THE PLAINS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

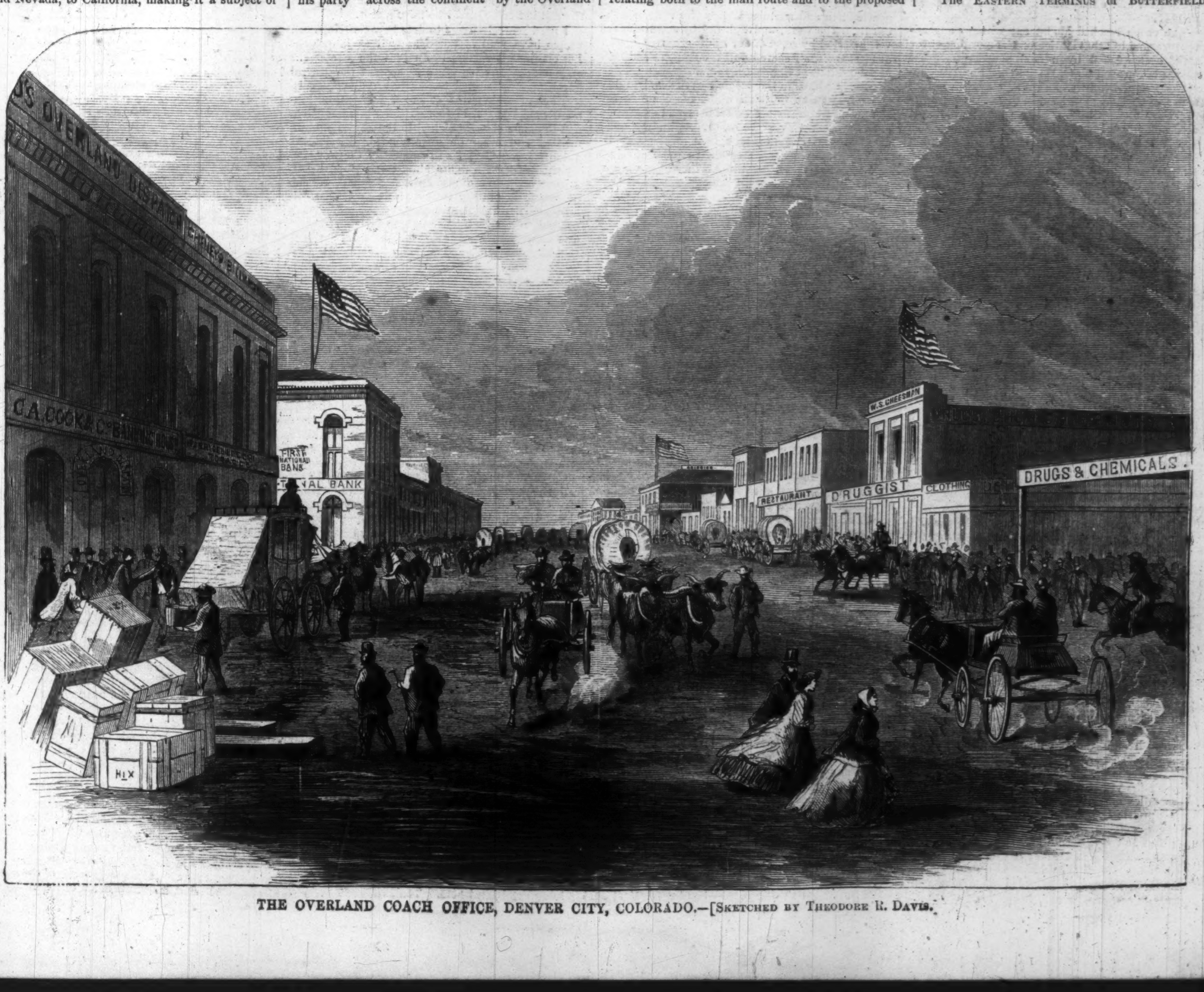


BANKING-HOUSE, DENVER CITY, COLORADO—MINERS BRINGING IN GOLD DUST.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

JOURNEYING ON THE PLAINS.

THERE are many things which at this time draw our attention toward the GRAND OVERLAND STAGE ROUTE across the plains of Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, to California, making it a subject of intense popular interest. One of these things is the Pacific Railroad project, in which there is now so lively an interest—the route proposed for that road being very nearly identical with the Overland Route. The recent trip of Speaker COLFAX and his party "across the continent" by the Overland Route is also attracting attention to the route itself. And, finally, the raids of the Indians upon parties journeying by this route across the plains have added a tragic interest to the subject. We publish on this page and on page 56 several illustrations relating both to the mail route and to the proposed railway line from Atchison to Pike's Peak. This proposed railway line, together with that from Aspinwall to Panama, which we illustrate on page 61, are characteristic of the energy and enterprise of the American people.

The EASTERN TERMINUS of BUTTERFIELD'S



THE OVERLAND COACH OFFICE, DENVER CITY, COLORADO.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

Overland Stage Route (of which BEN HOLLIDAY is sole proprietor) was removed in 1861 from St. Joseph to Atchison. This latter place, the outmost post of our Eastern railway system, is situated in the northeastern corner of Kansas, along some broken bluffs on the west bank of the Missouri River, 500 miles from St. Louis, and 20 miles below St. Joseph, the metropolis of Northern Missouri. It communicates with St. Joseph and Leavenworth by railway; is the head-quarters of the Overland Stage Company, and is also one of the chief points on the border for the transhipment, from cars and steamboats to wagons, of all sorts of stores bound to the mines of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Utah. Atchison is pre-eminently the border town of the West, and is memorable for its connection with the dark days of Kansas history. It was first settled by border ruffians of the worst type, with STRINGFELLOW at their head. New England proved too much for the ruffians, however, and one fine morning Atchison awoke a Puritanic town, having gone to bed the night before with strong Southern proclivities. The town has prospered ever since.

The daily line of the Overland Mail Route leaves Atchison at 8 o'clock A.M. This line employs over one hundred coaches, about one thousand horses, five hundred mules, and seven hundred and fifty men. The distance of the entire route, before it meets the projecting arms of the California railways at Placerville, is about two thousand miles. To Denver City the distance is six hundred miles, and is accomplished in fifty-nine stages of about ten miles each. It takes five days to reach Denver, twice that time to make the journey to Salt Lake, and seventeen days to reach Placer City, California.

The Indians have made such havoc on the Plains during the past year that food for man or beast has been very scarce, and the Overland Company has been very much crippled on this account, making the grain with which it feeds its horses some eight dollars per bushel. The Company has also lost about half a million in buildings, grain, and stock by the Indians, and another half a million, probably, from the diminished receipts in consequence of raids by "the noble red men of the forest." Upon General CONNOR devolves the important duty of taking care of the Indians on the Plains. Among the limited number of troops of his command are two regiments of infantry, all from the rebel army. They cheerfully re-enlisted into the national army, calling themselves "galvanized Yankees." It was only last spring that General CONNOR's protection was extended to the Overland Route.

The Butterfield Overland Dispatch coaches are frequently exposed to an encounter with the Indians. An event of this kind took place in November on the route between Chalky Bluff Station and Denver. Information had just been received of depredations and murders committed on the Smoky Hill route by a band of Indians supposed to be Cheyennes, under the lead of "FAST BEAR," when, on the 23d of November, the Overland Dispatch coach left Chalky Bluff Station with a small escort of cavalry. Among the passengers were General BREWSTER and our special artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

The coach reached Monument without any adventure, and left that station on the morning of the 24th, accompanied by an ambulance under the charge of Surgeon N. C. WHIPPLE. So little danger was apprehended that only an escort of eight men was considered necessary, three of whom were in the ambulance with WHIPPLE, while five mounted men rode in advance of the coach. The coach had nearly reached the next station when the ambulance driver took a short cut, which did not pass the station but which joined the main road a mile further on. The encounter which followed is thus described by the *Times* correspondent:

"When within fifteen hundred yards of the station, Mr. DAVIS, of *Harper's Weekly*, discovered that a squad of fifteen Indians were charging down on us. He at once gave the alarm and opened on the red skins with his Ballard rifle, which performance was immediately imitated by General BREWSTER, Mr. HASBROUCK, and Your Own, Mr. PERRIN doing duty with his revolver from the outside of the coach. As we were all armed with Ballard guns, we drove the party off quite as fast as they came, two of them bearing tokens of our regard in the shape of curiously shaped cones of lead. The driver of our coach was not wanting in pluck, but quickly drove his team to the station. We left the coach at once, and discovered that another party of Indians had rushed in among the horses and mules that were grazing near, stampeding them. One of the stock-tenders had started at the first alarm to gather the mules that were grazing near the station; one of the Indians discovered him and gave chase just as we got out of the coach. Mr. DAVIS discovered him and started with his rifle to help the stock-tender. The Indian drove an arrow at the herder, fortunately missing him, when a bullet from Mr. DAVIS's rifle ended the little performance and the Indian at the same moment. The stock-tender was saved but the stock gone, and with it five horses belonging to the cavalry stationed at this point. The garrison consisted of ten men of the Thirteenth Missouri Cavalry. Five of the men were away on a Buffalo hunt, so saved their steeds."

In the mean time the ambulance was pursued by some fifteen or twenty Indians, and the four cavalrymen were dispatched to its assistance. The party in the ambulance, after a brave skirmish, left their wagon and retreated toward the cavalry sent to their aid, and thus escaped with safety. The whole party now brought together numbered twenty-one men, all well armed, but they were surrounded by Indians on all sides. In this critical situation they resorted to a bomb-proof which the garrison at Smoky Hill Station had dug in the hill-side, where they determined to await the arrival of the Government train with its strong infantry escort, due the next day. No serious attempt was made by the Indians upon this bomb-proof, and the next day the Government train arrived, and after a slight skirmish with the red men the whole party proceeded on to Denver.

Denver is the leading town of Colorado, and lies under the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains, a few miles north of Pike's Peak. The vast trains of "prairie schooners," as the tented wagons seen in our sketch are called, give the place an appearance of activity. And, indeed, the amount of business transacted in Denver is wonderful, when the small number of inhabitants is considered. The BANKING-HOUSES are crowded with miners in all sorts of costume, bringing their bags of "dust" to exchange for greenbacks, the dust being sold at so much per ounce. It is not an uncommon thing for bushels of gold dust to accumulate in the safes of the principal bankers.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.

THE last time that the season of "peace on earth and good will to men" came round, the great struggle between the free and slave powers in America had not yet come to death-grips. Here, at least, many people still believed that the Southern States could not be subdued, and were sure sooner or later to establish their independence, and a new polity which would act for the rest of time as a health corrective to the dangerously popular institutions and ideas of New England. The year has passed, and the great revolutionary epic of our time has closed. Perhaps some of us may still stop short of Mr. Seward's triumphant summing up: "Death," he says in his yearly address to his fellow-citizens at Auburn, "death has removed his victims; liberty has crowned her heroes; humanity has crowned her martyrs; the sick and the stricken are cured; the surviving combatants are fraternizing; and the country—the object of our just pride and lawful affection—once more stands collected and composed, firmer, stronger, and more majestic than ever before, without one cause of dangerous discontent at home, and without an enemy in the world." We may think him somewhat too hopeful in the breadth of his assertions, and may have our fears that it may take a generation yet to weld again into one brotherhood all the States of the Union. But, when he predicts so fearlessly that "under next October's sun he shall be able, with his fellow-townsmen in Auburn, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land," we can not but own that earlier prophecies of his, which seemed at least as rash, have been fulfilled almost to the letter. In any case, we do all willingly now admit, and honor, the marvelous energy and constancy with which the great game has been played out by the American people. As one of the many Englishmen whose faith in that people never faltered during the contest, I do most heartily rejoice to see that all classes of my countrymen are at last not only ready to appreciate, but hearty in their appreciation of, what has been done for freedom in America in this revolutionary war. I am sure that we now only want further knowledge of facts to honor our kith and kin across the Atlantic as they deserve to be honored, for the glorious sacrifices which they made of all that was most precious and dearest to them in a struggle upon which not only their own life as a nation, but the future of at least one-third of the world, was at stake.

In this belief, I think that Christmas is the right time for bringing out into somewhat clearer light a side of the drama which has not been as yet fairly presented to us here: I mean, first, the strain on the resources of the Northern States while the war lasted; and, secondly, the heroism of the men of gentle birth and nurture, who, so far from shrinking from the work, and fighting by substitute (as was asserted by some of our leading journals), took at least their fair share of all the dangers and miseries and toils of those dark years.

First, then, as to the people's work; and, highly as we may value the men who have come to the front, and whose names as soldiers and statesmen are now known over the whole world, we must acknowledge that the true hero of the war is, after all, the American people. In proof of this I will take one or two of the Northern States, and look for a moment at what the call was which was made on them, and how they answered to it. Let us look, as a first instance, at the smallest in area of all the States, and the smallest in population of all the free States. Little Rhode Island, at the census of 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, contained a population of 174,620. As usual in the Eastern States, the females considerably exceeded the males, and of the latter there were 82,304 altogether. Up to December 1, 1862,—that is to say, in less than two years from the first call of the President for troops—Rhode Island furnished 14,626 men to the army and 1400 to the navy, or almost 1 in 5 of her total male population, and, of course, far more than that proportion of her men of fighting age, between 18 and 45. In the first enthusiasm, when the call for 500,000 men came in the summer of 1861, the quota of Rhode Island was 4057, and she furnished 5124. I do not give the later returns, because there appears to have been a large number of substitutes among her recruits after 1862, and I have no means of knowing whether these were or were not natives of the State. There is no need to overstate the case, and I should, on every account, shrink from doing so. Rhode Island, though the smallest, is tenth in rank of all the States as a producer, and her people are consequently rich and prosperous. If, in the later years of the war, they found substitutes in large numbers, it must be, at the same time, remembered, that they contributed more largely than any other State, in proportion to numbers, to that noblest of all charities—the Sanitary Commission.

But Englishmen will very likely say, "Give us an instance of any but a New England State: they are exceptional." Let us take Indiana, then, one of the mighty young Western sisters, a community scarce half a century old. A stronger contrast to Rhode Island could scarcely have been found. Indiana, in 1860, possessed 8,161,717 acres of improved farming land; Rhode Island but 329,884. Indiana was fifth of all the States in agricultural production, and thirteenth in manufacturing—Rhode Island standing tenth, or three higher than her gigantic younger sister. Yet we find the same readiness of response to the President's call to arms among Western farmers as among New England mechanics and merchants. The population of Indiana is returned in the census of 1860 at 1,350,428, and her males at 693,469. On the 31st of December, 1862, she had furnished 102,698 soldiers, besides a militia home-guard when her frontiers were threatened. When Morgan made his raid into the State 60,000 tendered their services within twenty-four hours, and nearly 20,000 were on his track within three days. I do not happen, in this case, to have the later returns, and so must turn back to New England, to the old Puritan Bay State, to give one perfect example of what the American people did in the great struggle.

Massachusetts, at the outbreak of the war, held a population of 1,230,000 or thereabouts, out of which there were 257,833 males between the ages of 15 and 40. The first blood shed in the war against the slave power, as in the Revolutionary war against England, was Massachusetts blood. The 6th Massachusetts was fired on in the streets of Baltimore on April 19, 1861, and had to fight its way through the town, losing 4 killed and 30 wounded in the operation. Well, the number of men demanded of Massachusetts during the war was 117,624. The number furnished by her (reducing all to the three years' standard) was 125,437, being a surplus over all calls of 7813. Besides these 6670 were mustered in answer to a call for three months' men in 1864, which were never credited to her by the Government. Look at the meaning now of this other fact, that she has actually sent more men to the war than are now to be found in the State liable to do military duty. How does this tell as to wear and tear of the human material in those Southern campaigns? The last assessors' return gave these at 133,767; while the total number who served (including three and nine months' men, and not adhering to the three years' standard) was 153,486. Out of these how many does the reader (who has probably heard more or less of "stopping the war by prohibiting emigration from Ireland," and of "New England hiring foreign mercenaries to do the fighting") think were foreign recruits? Just 907. This does not include men born out of the States, but resident or naturalized there before the war broke out. These latter, however, I suppose, could not come within the definition of foreign mercenaries; and of foreigners arriving in America during the war, Massachusetts enlisted, as I have said, 907 out of 150,000. While on this point, I may add that the most reliable statistics as to the whole forces of the North show that of native-born Americans there were nearly 80 per cent., of naturalized Americans 15, and of foreigners 5 per cent. only, in the ranks.

I can honestly say that I have chosen these States at hazard, and that a scrutiny of the remaining free States would give a very similar result. And now let us consider what that result is. Rhode Island, Indiana, and Massachusetts may perhaps equal in population this metropolis with its immediate suburbs; while one of them alone actually sent to active service, in the four years of the war, an army equal in numbers to the total volunteer force now under arms in Great Britain. Rhode Island is not so populous as Sheffield; and in eighteen months she armed and sent South 15,000 of her citizens. I know that England in like need would be equal to a like effort. Let us honor, then, as they deserve the people of our own lineage to whom the call has come, and who have met it.

I need scarcely pause to note how the Northern people have paid in purse as well as in person. Let one instance suffice. In 1864 the assessment of Massachusetts for taxes to support the general government amounted to fourteen millions, every fraction of which was collected without impediment or delay. Add to this the State taxation, and the amounts contributed to the Sanitary Commission and other organizations for distributing voluntary contributions in support of the war, and we should reach a figure almost exceeding belief. I have no means of stating it accurately, but am quite safe in putting it as high as 25,000,000 dollars, actually raised and paid, by a State with a population less than half of that of our metropolis, in one twelvemonth.

And now for my second point—the example set by the men of birth, wealth, and high position. Here too I feel sure that a few simple facts, taken at hazard from the mass which I have under my hand, will be more than enough to satisfy every just and generous man among my countrymen, and I am proud to believe that, whatever our prejudices may be, there are few indeed among us to whom such an appeal will be made in vain.

I have said above that the mass of materials is large, I might have said unmanageable. It is, indeed, impossible to take more than an example here and there, and to bring these out as clearly as one can in the limits of an article. Let me take as mine a family or two, with some one or more of whose members I have the honor of friendship or acquaintance. And, first, that of J. Russell Lowell, the man to whose works I owe more, personally, than to those of any other American. It would be hard to find a nobler record. The young men of this stock seem to have been all of high mark, distinguished specially for intellectual power and attainments. Surely the sickle of war has never been put more unsparingly into any field! First in order comes Willie Putnam, age 21, the sole surviving son of Lowell's sister, a boy of the highest culture and promise, mortally wounded at Ball's Bluff in October, 1861, in the first months of the war, while in the act of going to the help of a wounded companion. At the same bitter fight his cousin, James Jackson Lowell, aged 24, was badly hurt; but, after a short absence to recruit, joined his regiment again and fell on June 30, 1862. "Tell my father I was dressing the line of my company when I was hit," was his last message home. He had been first in his year at Harvard, and was taking private pupils in the law-school when the war broke out. Warren Russell fell at Bull's Run, in August, 1862. Many of us here may remember the account, which was reprinted in the *Times* and other papers, of the presentation of colors to the 2d Massachusetts Infantry, by Mr Motley, at Boston, in the summer of 1861. It attracted special notice from the fact that the author of the "History of the Dutch Republic" had been so lately living among us, and was so well known and liked here. The group of officers who received those colors were the very *jeunesse dorée* of Massachusetts—Quincy, Dwight, Abbot, Robeson, Russell, Shaw, Gordon, Savage, Perkins. Such a roll will speak volumes to all who have any acquaintance with New England history. Those colors have come home riddled, tattered, blackened; but five-sixths of the young officers have given their lives for them, and of the 1000 rank and file who then surrounded them scarcely 150 survive. This by-the-way. I refer to the muster, because Robert Shaw was among those officers—a name already honored in these pages, and another nephew of Lowell's. Shaw's sister married Charles Lowell, of whom more presently. We all know how Robert Shaw, after two years' gallant service, accepted the command of the first black regiment raised in Massachusetts (the 54th); how he led them in the operations before Charleston, and was buried with his "niggers" in the pit under Fort Wagner—the grandest sepulture earned by any soldier of this century. By his side fought and died Cabot Russell, the third of Lowell's nephews, then a captain of a black company. Stephen George Perkins, another nephew, was killed at Cedar Creek; and Francis Dutton Russell at one of the innumerable Virginian battles.

I pass to the last on the list, and the most remarkable. Charles Russell Lowell, the only brother of the James who died "dressing his line," was also the first scholar of his year (1854) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health, and made long riding-tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the 6th Massachusetts were fired on in Baltimore streets, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities was suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In those first days of confusion he became agent for Massachusetts at Washington, and brought order out of chaos for his own State before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him rapid promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaigns of M'Clellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to carry the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the cavalry force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864 he commanded the cavalry brigade of four regular regiments, and the 2d Massachusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19; was badly wounded early in that day, and lifted on to his fourteenth horse to lead the final charge, so faint, that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those round him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself led the last charge which ended one of the most obstinate battles of the war. It is the death of this nephew which wrung from his uncle the lines which occur in one of the last "Biglow Papers," published in one of last winter's numbers of the *Atlantic Magazine*—

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal;
Who ventured life, an' love, an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
That rived the rebel line asunder?

"'Ta'n't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,
Leaving life's paupers dry as dust
To try and make b'lieve fill their places;
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss;
Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
An' that world seems so fur from this,
Lef' for us loafers to grow grey in."

He died next day of his wounds, leaving a widow of twenty, himself not thirty. The *Gazette*, in which his commission as general was published, did not reach the army till after his death. Sheridan, with the generosity which most of the great Northern captains have shown, declared that the country could better have spared himself, and that there was no one quality of a soldier which he could have wished added to Charles Lowell.

My first example, then, gives us one family, in which there was no soldier in 1860, losing eight young men under thirty in little more than three years' fighting.

I have mentioned the name of Motley above. Let us see how it fared with his circle. He has assured me more than once that of his own immediate family there were fewer than the average in the ranks; but he had at least five near relatives serving—three Lothrops, one of whom was killed in Louisiana, Major Motley, badly wounded in Virginia early in 1864; and Major Stackpole, another highly-distinguished graduate of Harvard, who served through the whole war, and has now resumed his practice as a barrister. Miss Motley married Captain Ives, a gentleman of fortune in Rhode Island, who was traveling in Europe when the war broke out. He volunteered into the navy, commanded the Potomac flotilla, and accompanied Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, where he contracted the illness of which he has since died. His cousin Robert Ives, also a man of large fortune, volunteered into the army, and was killed at Antietam. I believe they were the two last men who bore the name of Ives in their State.

The name of Wadsworth is better known here than most American names in consequence of its English connection. The head of the family was a country gentleman living on his estates at Geneseo, in New York State, up to 1860, with a family of three sons and three daughters. At the news of the attack on the Union troops in Baltimore he instantly chartered a steamer, loaded her with provisions, and sent her up the Potomac—a most timely aid to the capital. He acted as aid-de-camp to M'Dowell, and was his right-hand man in the Bull Run campaign, his "youngest as well as his oldest aid;" was made a general soon afterward; and, after several campaigns, was placed in command at Washington. His reputation as an officer had now become such that at the beginning of the last campaign every corps commander of the Army of the

Potomac applied to the War Department to have him with them as brigadier. He was killed in the Wilderness in the last advance on Richmond. His three sons have all served, the youngest having enlisted at sixteen. Thus every man in the family served; and the only married daughter is the widow of Colonel Montgomery Ritchie, one of two brothers, both of whom served with distinction, one to the sacrifice of his life by the same subtle disease which struck down Captain Ives.

I could go to any length, for my acquaintance with Americans is large, and I scarcely know a man who has not lost some relative in the war. But, apart from one's own acquaintance, there is scarcely one of the famous Colonial and Revolutionary names which has not been represented. The Jays, Adamses, Schuylers, Livingstones, Van Rensselaers, have not failed their country in her second great need; and have fought well, and worked hard, though the present holders of these honored names, mostly quite young men, have not had time to reach their ancestors' places. The bearers of great names, I take it, do not get such a start in the States as with us at home. A descendant (a grandson, I believe) of Alexander Hamilton, however, became a general, while several of his cousins remained in lower ranks. Colonel Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of Daniel Webster, was killed in Virginia. Perhaps the man who excited most the hopes and martial enthusiasm of Americans in the first months of the war was Major Theodore Winthrop, a descendant of the famous Governor John Winthrop, scholar, traveler, poet, athlete, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Great Bethel, June 10, 1861. A son of General Porter, who was distinguished in the last war with us, fell as a colonel in the spring campaign of 1864. Even the families famous, as yet, for wealth only have not shrunk from the fighting; one Astor, at least, and Cuttings, Schermerhorns, Lydigs, and others, having held their own in the volunteer ranks.

Or, let us come to names more familiar than any other Transatlantic ones to us—the Boston group. Longfellow's young son (Charlie, as I hear all men call him) has managed to fight a campaign, and get badly hit in Louisiana, at an age when our boys are thinking of their freshman's term at Oxford. Oliver Wendell Holmes (junior), poet, artist, Greek scholar, virtuoso, has been twice—I was going to say killed—well, shot through the body and neck, and again in the heel; and, having fought through all to the end of the war, is again busy with brush and pen. Olmstead has fought, with mightier weapons than rifled cannon, at the head of the Sanitary Commission. Of four brothers Dwight, two were killed, and a third fought his way to general. Whittiers, Appletons, Lorings, Crowninshields, Dehons—but I will tax my readers' patience no longer with rolls of names which, perhaps, to most of them, will be names, and nothing more! Let this last summing up of the work of men of birth and position in one State suffice (I choose Massachusetts again because, thanks to Governor Andrew, we have more accurate returns as to her, over here, than as to any other State). Since the declaration of war, 434 officers from Massachusetts have been killed—9 generals, 16 colonels, 17 lieutenant-colonels, 20 majors, 15 surgeons, 2 chaplains, 110 captains, and 245 lieutenants. Of the 85 general officers from that State, 10 only have escaped wounds.

Of all the living graduates of Harvard (the university of highest repute in America), one-fifth, or, to be as accurate as possible, nineteen and some fraction per cent., have served with the army. At Yale College the percentage has been even higher. Conceive a struggle which should bring one in every five of men who have taken degrees at Oxford and Cambridge under fire, and which should call on us, besides our regular army, to keep on foot and recruit for three years a volunteer army five times as large as our present one!

Such plain facts and returns as these will, I am sure, convince the last skeptic—if there be one left among us at this Yule tide, 1865—that New England has not spared of her best blood in the great day of the Lord, under the burden and heat of which the whole North has reeled and staggered indeed, but without ever bating heart or hope, and always gaining fresh power, through three years of war which have seemed—nay, which have been—a lifetime. In such crises time is not measured by years or days. The America which looked on, paralyzed and doubtful, when John Brown prophesied all these things on his way to the scaffold, kissing a negro child as he passed along, while Stonewall Jackson and his pupils guarded the gibbet—the America of State sovereignty and Dred Scott law, in which the Gospel news meant avowedly "Good will to *white* men," and abolitionism was loathed as a vulgar and mischievous fanaticism—is as far behind us to-day for all practical purposes as the England of the Stuarts, or the France of the Regency. What this means, for the Old World as well as for the New, I will not pause to consider. My estimate might raise smiles or provoke criticism among us, both of which (good as they are in their right time and place) I am anxious here to avoid.

I prefer at parting to endeavor to put my readers in sympathy with the spirit, the heart, and conscience, of the North, in the presence of their astounding success. I can not do this better than by a glance at the Commemoration of the living and dead soldiers of Harvard University. Commemoration Day at Harvard, in July, 1865, must indeed have stamped itself indelibly on the memories of all those sons of the first of American universities who were present at the gathering. To me, I own, even the meagre reports one got over here in the American papers were unspeakably touching. The irrepressible joy of a people delivered, after years of stern work and patient waiting, from an awful burden, almost too heavy for mortal shoulders to bear, tempered, as it was, by the tenderest sympathy for the families of the fallen, and a solemn turning to give glory and thanks with full heart to that God who giveth victory, and healeth wounded spirits, and standeth above His people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land—the mingled cry of triumph, and agony, and trust, and love, which went up from the very heart of that meeting—must ever, to my mind, rank among the most noble, the most sublime pieces of history of the century in which we are living. Let the reader consider the following as compared with ordinary commemoration poetry. The first is the hymn written for the commemoration service by Robert Lowell:

"Thy work, O God, goes on in earth,
With shouts of war, and harvest songs:
A ready will is all our worth:
To Thee our Maker all belongs.

"Thanks for our great and dear, who knew
To lavish life great meeds to earn;
Our dead, our living, brave and true,
To each who served Thee in his turn.

"Show us true life as in Thy Son;
Breathe through our flesh the Holy Ghost!
Then earth's strong-holds are stormed and won:
Then man dies faithful at his post.

"They crowd behind us to this shade,
The youth who own the coming years;
Be never God, or land, betrayed,
By any son our Harvard rears!"

My second quotation shall be a stanza from the Commemoration Ode, by the best-known member of the family, James Russell Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers:"

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace,
Bow down in prayer and praise!
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee;
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

Was ever truer or braver ring struck out of the metal of which English-speaking men are made? If so, I for one have yet to learn when and where. And now at this Christmas-time, when their tremendous storm-cloud has broken up, and nothing but a light streak or two of vapor is to be seen in their heavens, let us seize this precious moment, never to recur again in their or our history, and, by graceful and loyal word and deed, show them that we honor, as it deserves, the work they have done for the world since the election of 1860, and can sympathize with their high hopes for the future of their continent with no jealousy or distrust, as brethren of the same stock, and children of the same Father.

STAPLEFORD GRANGE.

I HEARD the following narrative at a dinner-party in a country house about five miles from the place where the events referred to occurred, and it was related to me by the chief actress in it, Cissy Miles—a pretty, lady-like girl of twenty, the daughter of the rector of the parish in which Stapleford Grange is situated:

It was the Saturday afternoon before Christmas-day, nearly two years ago, when my six brothers, all younger than myself, and I were skating on our squire's fish-pond. We had been skating since dinner, and it was not till the wintry daylight was beginning to wane that the recollection rushed across me that I had entirely forgotten to do a commission my mother had given me in the morning. This commission was to walk to the Grange, a big farm-house, and bespeak some geese for dinner on New-Year's Day. My mother had said, decidedly, "Those geese must be ordered to-day, Cissy," so I knew that I should have to go: although the Grange was a mile off, although it was very cold, and darkness was coming on, and although I was terribly afraid of a big black dog which was chained up just in front of the Grange back-door.

"Who'll go with me to the Grange?" I called out, quickly, as this remembrance occurred to me, sitting down and beginning to unstrap my skates. "I've forgotten all about the geese, and mamma said I was to order them to-day."

No one answered. [illegible] day was Sunday, and it might thaw before [illegible] Every boy, big or little, seemed laudably desirous [illegible] making the most of present opportunities.

"I daren't go by myself," I called out, in a pathetic tone; "it would be quite dark before I got home again."

"Tell the truth, Cis," called out Charlie, a quick, good-natured boy of fifteen, "and say you're afraid of Jip. Never mind; I'll come with you, if you must go." And he joined me on the bank, and proceeded to take off his skates.

Thanks to all my brothers, I was a pretty good runner, and we sped across the squire's fields, and through the narrow lane toward the Grange, as fast as possible. When we got to the last field, which joined the farm-yard, we slackened pace a little, and when we got into the big court-yard itself we were walking almost slowly.

"How dreadfully lonely it looks, Charlie!" I said, almost with a shiver at the desolate aspect of the place, which had been a grand gentleman's house forty years ago, but had been suffered to fall almost into ruins. "I am glad I'm not Mrs. Johnson, particularly as she has no children, nor any body to keep her company when Mr. Johnson is away."

"Well, don't you stop and prose to her for ever such a time, Cis, do you hear?" returned Charlie, good-humoredly.

Jip did not greet us with his usual noisy welcome, and there was no sound of any sort about the place except the gabbling of some turkeys in the rear of the farm-buildings. We went up and knocked at the door, and when I turned round, I observed that Jip's kennel, which stood exactly opposite, in a line with the front of the house, was empty.

"Where can Jip be?" I said; "I thought they never let him loose;" and I walked forward a few steps, and became aware that the dog's chain and collar were lying beside the kennel. I stood for a moment or two wondering, while Charlie, getting impatient at Mrs. Johnson's non-appearance, knocked again at the door. Suddenly some marks of blood on the flagged pathway in front of the kennel arrested my attention.

"What can it be, Charlie?" I said, in a whisper.

"I don't know," Charlie returned, thoughtfully; "poor Jip come to grief, perhaps. It's odd Mrs. Johnson doesn't come; I think I'll go on a voyage of discovery; stay here till I come back;" and he pushed the door further open.

"No, let me go too," I said, hastily, half frightened. I am a coward at the sight of blood.

"Well, don't make a row then;" and we entered together.

There was a big blazing fire in the grate, which showed that on the table the tea-things were set for tea; the kettle was hissing away merrily, and some tea-cakes stood to keep warm on a low stand before the fire. Every thing looked snug and cozy. Evidently Mrs. Johnson had prepared every thing ready for tea when the farmer should return from D. market; and was now gone up stairs to "clean" herself.

I had time to make all these observations over Charlie's shoulder, before he gave a sudden start, and strode with a low exclamation to a bundle of clothes which lay at the further and darker side of the kitchen, on the smooth stone floor. A bundle of clothes it looked like, with Jip lying asleep beside it in a very strange attitude.

I shall never forget the horror of the next moment. Huddled up, evidently in the attitude in which she had fallen, lay Mrs. Johnson, with a gaping wound across her throat, from which the blood was still trickling, and Jip, with a large pool of blood near his head, lay dead beside her.

I stood for a moment, too, paralyzed with horror—such intense, thrilling horror, that only any one who has experienced such a feeling can understand it—and then, with a low scream, I sank on the floor, and put up my hand to try and hide the horrible sight.

"Hush!" whispered Charlie, sternly, taking hold of my hands, and forcibly dragging me on to my feet again; "you mustn't make a sound. Whoever has done this can't be far off; you must run home, Cissy, as hard as ever you can. Come!"

He dragged me to the door, and then I turned sick all over, and tumbled down again. I felt as if I *could* not stir another step.

"It's no use, Charlie, I can't stir," I said. "Leave me and go without me."

"Nonsense! Try again."

I tried again, but it was no use; my legs positively would not move, and precious time was being wasted.

"You fool!" Charlie said, bitterly and passionately. How was a boy of fifteen to understand a woman's weakness? "Then I must leave you. It's Johnson's money they no doubt want. They wouldn't murder if they could help it, and Johnson will be back directly.'

"Yes, yes. Go," I said, understanding that he wanted to fetch help before the farmer came. "I will hide somewhere."

"In the kennel there," he said, looking round quickly; "and don't stir."

He pushed me into poor murdered Jip's kennel, and then he disappeared, and I was left alone in the gathering darkness with those two prostrate forms on the kitchen floor as my company, and perhaps the murderers close at hand.

I combated the faint feeling which Charlie could not understand by pinching my arms and sticking pins into them, and after a little judicious torture of this sort, the sick feeling went off, and I could think again. "I will take off my boots," I thought, after a moment. "They make such a noise, and I may have to move," for already a glimmering plan had rushed across my brain of how I might warn Johnson. So I rose a little from my crouching position, unlaced them, and slipped them off. I had barely done this when I heard the sound of voices, and the sick trembling feeling came on so strongly, that the pin torture had to be again applied. In another minute three men came out of the back door, and I could distinctly hear every word of their conversation.

"He's late, I think," said one. "If he doesn't come soon, we must go; that girl'll be home soon. I heard the old woman tell her not to stop."

"What's it signify?" said another. "We can soon stop her mouth."

"It isn't worth so much blood, Dick," said the third. "We've only got fifty pound by this, and the farmer'll not have more."

"He ought to be coming by now," said the first, anxiously, coming a step or two nearer the kennel. "Hallo! What's that?"

The tone made me turn sick again. Had Charlie found help already? No. The three men were standing close to the kennel, and during the moment's silence that followed the man's exclamation I remembered that I had dropped my muff. I tried to stop the hard, quick thumping of my heart, which I felt certain they must hear, and then, as if fascinated, I raised my head from my knees—for till that moment I had been crouching at the furthest end of the kennel—and saw a hairy, fierce-looking face glaring in at the entrance of my hiding-place. I tried hard not to scream, and I succeeded; but in another moment I should have fainted if the face had not been taken away. To my utter amazement, as the face disappeared, its owner said:

"I thought some one might be hiding. That's a lady's trumpery. What can it mean?"

Evidently I had not been seen, thanks to my dark dress and the gathering twilight. I breathed freely now; unless something very unforeseen occurred, I was safe.

"Some one has been, and has dropped it," a voice said, quickly. "That's all on account of your cursed foolery, Dick," it went on angrily. "Why couldn't you stop at the door, as I told you?"

"Well, let's do something now," the third said, anxiously, "or we shall be having some one here."

The three men then went back into the house again, and I could hear them speaking in low tones; presently the voices grew louder, and they were evidently quarreling. In another minute they came out again, and from what I could hear, they began to search in the farm-buildings and outhouses for the owner of the muff.

"There's no one here," at last one called out. "They must have gone away again. Go to the gate, Bill, and see if any body is coming that way."

After a moment, Bill returned to the other two, who were now standing talking in low whispers at the back of the kennel, and said:

"No, there's no one coming." And my heart sank as I thought how long it would be before succor could arrive.

"The fellow's late," one of the others said, after a minute or two; "but we had better be on the watch now. Mind, both of you, that he's down from his gig before he sees us."

They walked away along the line of house toward the other entrance by which Mr. Johnson would come; and I, thinking they had gone to take up their hiding-places, put my head cautiously out of the mouth of the kennel, and looked round.

Surely I could reach the house without being seen, I thought, and if I could but reach the big, ruinous drawing-room, which commanded a view of the fields the farmer would cross, I might be able to warn him back from the fate which awaited him. I *must* warn him if I could; it was too horrible that another murder should be done.

I was out of the kennel and in the kitchen before I recollected that I should have to pass close to the murdered woman before I could gain the door leading into the hall, which I must cross to gain the drawing-room. I shuddered as I passed the table and drew near to the horrible scene; but, to my utter surprise and no little terror, Mrs. Johnson had vanished! the dark gleaming pool of blood and the dead dog were still there, but the huddled up bundle of clothes was gone.

What had they done with it? In spite of the urgent necessity there was for immediate action, I stood motionless for a minute, hesitating to cross the dimly-lighted hall. Suppose it should be there. I had never seen death before, and the thought of again seeing the dead woman looking so ghastly and horrible with that great gaping wound across her throat, was at that moment more terrible to me than the thought of her murderer's return.

While I stood hesitating, a shadow passed across the first window, and, looking up quickly, to my horror I saw the three men in another moment pass the second window.

I had no time for thought. In another minute they would be in the kitchen. I turned and fled down the passage and across the hall, rushing into the first open door, which happened to be the drawing-room door, and instinctively half closed it behind me as I had found it. Then I glanced wildly round the bare empty room in search of shelter.

There was not a particle of furniture in the room, and it was quite empty except for some apples on the floor, and a few empty hampers and sacks at the further end. How could I hide?

I heard the footsteps crossing the hall, and then, as they came nearer, with the feeling of desperation I sped noiselessly across the room, laid down flat behind the hampers, and, as the door opened, threw an empty sack over me. I felt I *must* be discovered, for my head was totally uncovered; and I watched them fascinated, breathless from intense terror. They walked to the window, saying, "We shall see better here," and looked out, presently all exclaiming together, "He's coming now, that black spot over there;" and, without glancing in my direction, they left the room again. I was safe, but what *could* I do to save the farmer? Surely Charlie must be coming with help now, but would he be in time? *I* must try and save him, was the conviction that impressed itself upon me in a lightning thought, and as it crossed my brain I sprang to the window. All thought of self vanished then with the urgency of what I had to do. I was only eager—nervously, frantically eager—to save the farmer's life.

They say that mad people can do things which seem impossible to sane ones, and I must have been quite mad with terror and fright for the next few minutes.

Seven feet below me, stretching down the slope of the hill, was the garden, now lying in long plowed ridges, with the frozen snow on the top of each of them, and at the bottom of the garden was a stone-wall four feet high. Beyond this, as far as the eye could reach, extended the snow-covered fields, and coming along the cart-road to the left was Mr. Johnson in his gig.

I threw open the window, making noise enough to alarm the men if they heard it, and sprang on to the window-ledge, and then, tearing off my jacket, threw it on the ground, and, shutting my eyes, jumped down. The high jump hurt my wrists and uncovered feet dreadfully, but I dare not stop a moment. I rushed down the garden, tumbling two or three times in my progress, and, when I came to the wall, scrampled over it headforemost. The farmer was just opening the gate of the field I was in, and I made straight toward him, trying to call out. But I could not utter a word; so I flew across the snow, dashed through the brook, careless that the bridge was a few feet further down, and when I rushed up to Mr. Johnson's side, I could only throw up my arms and shriek out "Murder!" just as a loud report rang out through the frosty air, and I fell forward on my face.

"And were you hurt?" I asked, as she paused.

"Yes, a little. Look, here is the scar;" and she raised the flowing fold of tarletane from her soft white arm, and pointed to a white oval-shaped scar.

"And Mrs. Johnson?" I asked.

The girl's face became very grave.

"She was quite dead. The men had put her under the dresser, which explains why I did not see her as I passed through the kitchen, and the poor husband went away directly afterward. The whole house is uninhabited now. Nobody will live there, and of course it is said to be haunted. I have never been there since that day, and I think I shall never dare to go there again."

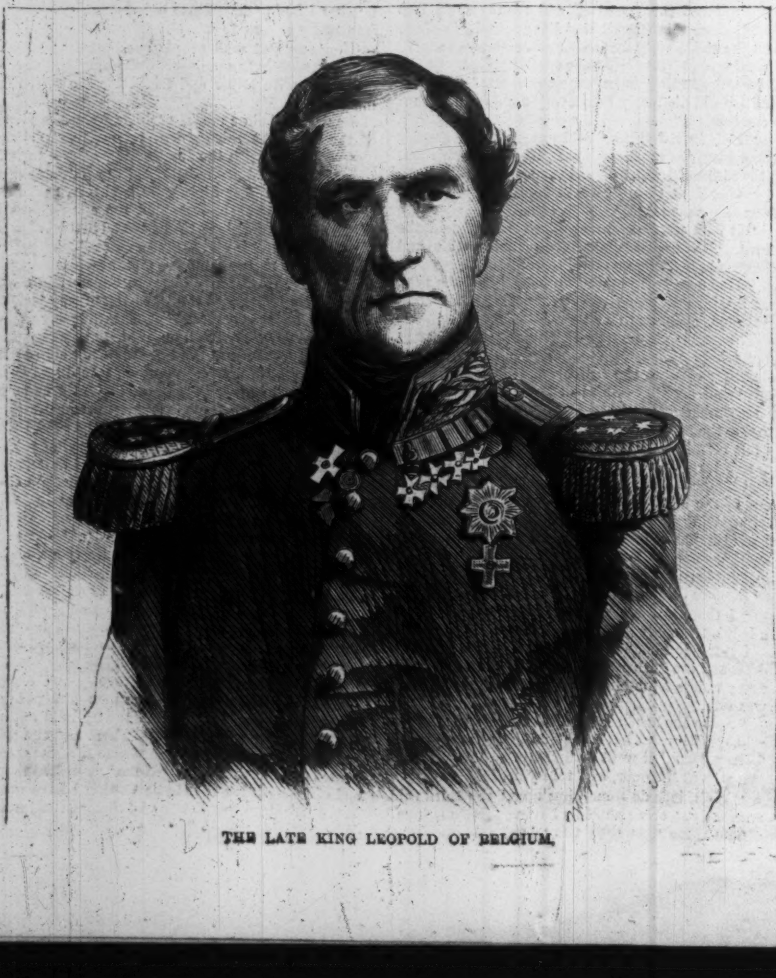
KING LEOPOLD AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

No event in European history has been the subject of greater comment, or the occasion of more profound speculation, than the death of King LEOPOLD of Belgium, which occurred December 10, 1865. We give on this page a portrait of King LEOPOLD, and also one of his son and successor.

The death of President LINCOLN, of PALMERSTON, and of King LEOPOLD were the three great obituaries of the year lately ended. LINCOLN died by an act of violence, but both Lord PALMERSTON and King LEOPOLD lived to a ripe old age, and their deaths, though of so great significance, had been long expected.—LEOPOLD was a Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and uncle to Prince ALBERT, consort of the British Queen. He was born December 16, 1790, and had thus nearly completed his seventy-fifth year. He was the husband of Princess CHARLOTTE, and was, moreover, connected by marriage with the principal thrones of Europe. He had latterly been the confidential adviser of the whole family of sovereigns. His second wife was a daughter of LOUIS PHILIPPE, but that circumstance did not prevent him from being a friend and confidant of the Emperor NAPOLEON. He was related to the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Italian, and Portuguese royal families, and the Empress of Mexico is his daughter. His ancestors were the famous Electors FREDERICK and JOHN, who had protected LUTHER from the wrath of the priesthood in the time of the Reformation. Princess CHARLOTTE, his first wife, was heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, and at one time it seemed not unlikely that LEOPOLD would hold the same position in relation to the English throne which at a later day was so admirably filled by his nephew, Prince ALBERT. The Princess CHARLOTTE died in childbed in 1817. The event cast a deep gloom over the nation. Queen VICTORIA was born two years later, and was the daughter of Princess LOUISA VICTORIA, of Saxe-Coburg, sister of LEOPOLD, her father being the Duke of Kent.—On the occasion of LEOPOLD's marriage with the Princess CHARLOTTE the British Parliament voted a large sum as an outfit for himself and the Princess, and £50,000 for their joint lives, and for the life of the survivor.

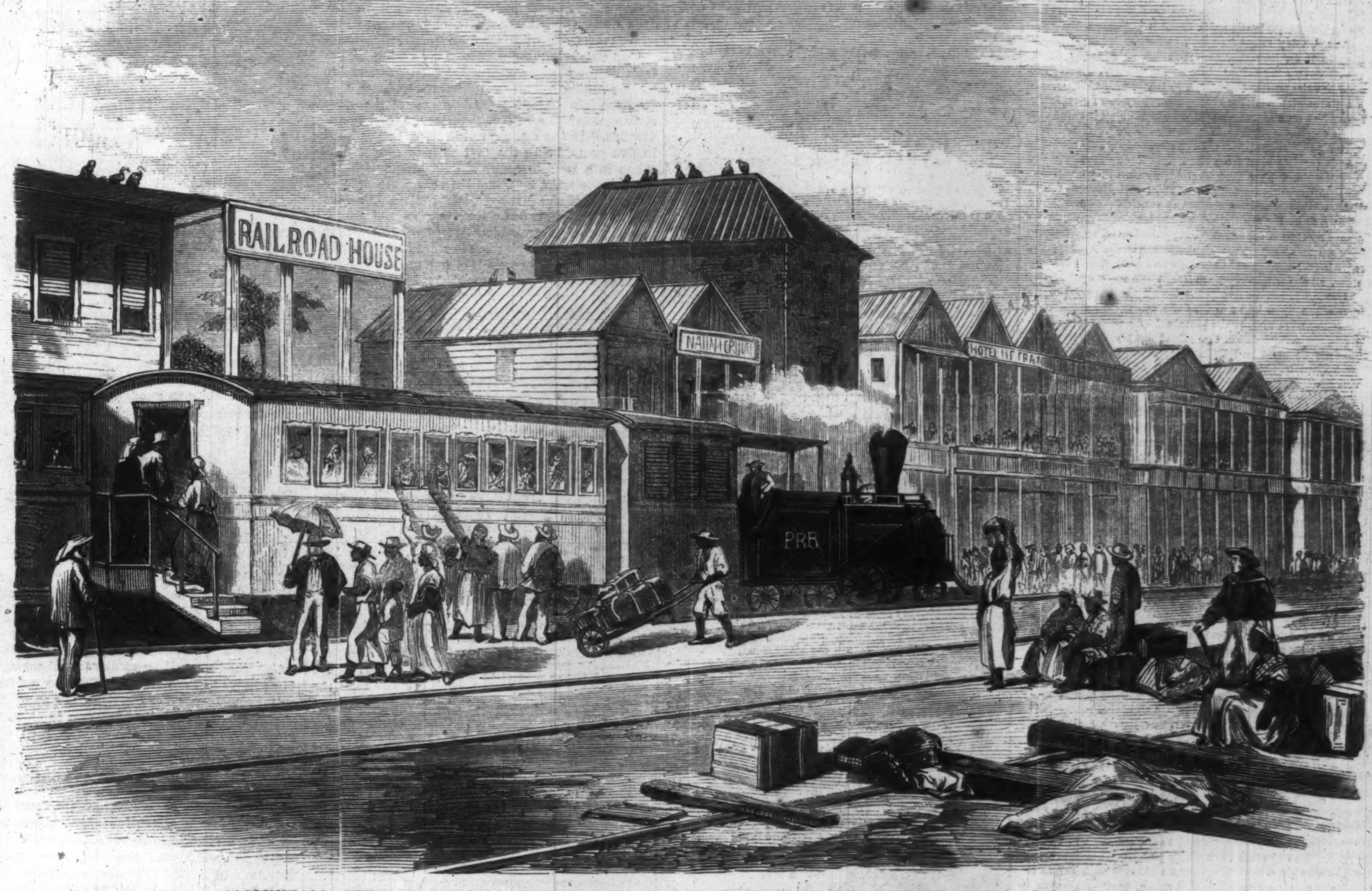
The French Revolution of 1830 brought to an end the ill-assorted union between Holland and Belgium. The conflict in Paris by which LOUIS PHILIPPE succeeded CHARLES X. powerfully affected all the kingdoms of Europe. The Provisional Government of Belgium declared that kingdom independent, and ordered Belgian troops to drive out the Dutch from the country. The great Powers united in dissevering Belgium from Holland, and appointed LEOPOLD king of the Belgians. In the establishment of the independence of Belgium Lord PALMERSTON, then Foreign Minister of England, took a prominent part. The Belgian Congress, out of gratitude to the French nation, as the only power giving material aid in freeing the country from the Dutch, had elected the Duke de Nemours, son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, to the throne. The great Powers generally, and England in particular, objected to this arrangement, and hence the appointment of LEOPOLD. The latter was elected June 4, 1831. A war followed between Holland and Belgium, but France sent 50,000 men to the aid of the latter, and a treaty was signed in October, in which Holland recognized the independence of Belgium. In the following year LEOPOLD married LOUISE, daughter of the French king. When, in 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE was driven from the French throne, there was great excitement in Belgium, and a cry was raised for a republic. LEOPOLD met this crisis with dignity, disarming his opponents by an appeal to the people. Subsequently his reign was a tranquil one, the chief difficulties of his position arising from

MOTHER'S DARLING.



THE LATE KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.

LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM.



ASPINWALL, CENTRAL AMERICA—THE PANAMA RAILROAD TRAIN STARTING FOR PANAMA.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

the conflict between the Church party and the Liberals.

And this leads us directly to the prospect open to his successor, LEOPOLD II. This latter prince is somewhat inexperienced, he having had no participation with public affairs heretofore, on account of his well-known leaning to the side of the Church party. What future complications there may be growing out of the succession of LEOPOLD II. to the throne we know not. We only know that the new king has entered upon his reign in the midst of a popular applause apparently sincere, and with the expression toward him of the good-will of the principal reigning heads of Europe—expressions apparently equally sincere with those made by his own people. But in either case these expressions have been made while yet the late king had not been buried, and are in great measure a tribute to the wise and temperate reign of the latter. Certain it is, however, that the chief difficulties which are likely hereafter to disturb Belgium will arise, if they should exist at all, from internal dissensions rather than from external aggression on the part of other powers. There is now a lull in the affairs of Belgium—but at any moment the storm may open, and the affairs of that country become again the subject of foreign concern—it may be of foreign intervention, and perchance of another European war.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

OUR "cold snap" has come and gone. An old-fashioned "January thaw" is threatening to follow in its wake. But since *change* is the order of all things, none can foretell what a day may bring forth, whether ice or "*slosh.*" Certain it is, however, that the 8th of January, 1866, stands out as *the cold day* in half a century. Not since 1806 has the temperature been so low in this vicinity. A few times within that period the mercury has fallen below zero; but on the recent memorable Monday it run away down to from seven to fifteen degrees below the cipher, varying in different parts of the city.

This terrible blast from the Frigid Zone swept over the good people of New York so suddenly that they congealed even in closest proximity to a bright coal fire, and forgot that water-pipes were somewhat sensitive also. Alas! what a dismal groan the astonished housewife gave as she found no Croton for her morning ablutions.

"My dear," says she, with chattering teeth, to her spouse, who is still enveloped in blankets and comfortables—"My dear, all our water-pipes are frozen—do wake up."

But *he* might be frozen too for all the impression she can make upon him; and so she energetically rouses to action—and summons the plumbers—floors are ripped up, walls are pulled down, the offending pipes are reached. But nature must be left, in many cases, to work her own cure, which will be announced in due season by overpowering floods. Breakfast, in such circumstances, is a difficult problem.

"My love," says the good man of the house, with a spasmodic effort to speak mildly, and wrapping his double-lined dressing gown about him closer, "What shall we do? The water all frozen—the milkman *non est*—and I have just discovered that the key of the wine-closet is missing?"

But woman's ingenuity in time solves or *dissolves* this difficulty, and paterfamilias, having satisfied his appetite, complaisantly betakes himself to his newspaper. Only those who are compelled venture out to expose ears and noses to the affectionate salutes of Jack Frost. Close to the fire as possible; and fiercely though it burns it makes little impression on the circumjacent air. Evening brings a new vexation—the gas won't burn, and candles must be substituted.

But these comparatively slight annoyances, which the recent "cold snap" brought to homes where comfort and luxury usually dwell, were nothing to the fearful suffering of the multitude of half-clad, half-fed poor. While many shivered complainingly before the glowing grate, many more were moaning for lack of fire and food.

"Young America," however, never gave a thought to suffering or poverty, but regarded it as capital fun to have every thing freeze up. He had but one idea, namely, *skating*—and that produced a state of mental exhilaration quite overwhelming. Even before the weather had comfortably moderated the various lakes and ponds in Central Park and vicinity were thronged with young folks. But when a bright, mild, sunny day came crowds of both sexes, old and young, flocked to the ice—to see, or to be seen. The Central Park ponds presented the appearance of a gay carnival. Experienced skaters shot across the glassy surface with admirable grace, or drew all eyes by performing wonderful gyrations and fancy figures, while novices, who felt as if "treading on eggs," kept near the shore, and made merry over their own downfalls. Here and there were couples skating together with ease and dexterity. Many little lads and lasses were scarcely outdone by "children of larger growth." One little miss, not more than ten years old, attracted special attention on account of her very graceful movments, as also from her picturesque attire—a bright cashmere dress, black velvet basque, trimmed with fur, and jockey hat to match.

In this connection we can not forbear a criticism upon the dress of many of the ladies who indulge in this delightful and healthful exercise. A *long* skirt either with or without crinoline—some have tried the experiment of laying aside the last mentioned article—is inconvenient. The dress must be looped up. But the present style of crinoline, having such an immense circumference, is very ungraceful, especially if two are skating together; and not unfrequently results in an undesired *exposé*. A small crinoline only is suitable in skating. But really we can not see why the common gymnastic dress, worn in class by ladies, would not form an appropriate, convenient, and tasteful costume. We suggest this to the fair skaters as a matter for consideration while they are waiting for the "ball" to be "up" again.

Young ladies had better be a little shy of making hasty acquaintances *every where*.

A nice young man in Sandusky, Ohio, the other day obtained an introduction to a young lady on the ice, and shortly after stole her skates, which she had permitted him to assist her in taking off.

There is an ice-house at Lyon's Falls, New York, which has not been empty for twenty years, nor has a pound of ice been put into it. The building is constructed after the ordinary method, and when it is designed to fill it, a rose jet is placed upon the water-pipe, and as the water comes through it is chilled and drops into the ice-house, where it forms in one solid mass.

If this is really a practical method of filling ice-houses, why do not ... dealers adopt it generally? We should think it might enable them to supply ice next summer at cheaper rates than they have done for a few years past.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE!—The Savannah *Republican* of date some two weeks since, says:

"Are we ever to have a cold day in Savannah during the winter season again? Was not Christmas-day last more like the Fourth of July from the excessive heat? Wood-cutters are complaining bitterly at how dull business is, for nobody will buy firewood. Nothing but the lightest summer clothing is worn, and our charming Southern belles go to church with their bright faces enshrouded with many bright flowers in their summer hats. In the evening, all the gentlemen are out on the piazzas, for the most part in their shirt-sleeves and bare-headed, quietly smoking their cigars."

Here is an original method of settling matrimonial difficulties:

A couple in Litchfield County, Connecticut, had lived together for ten years, supposing themselves married. Difficulties having arisen, one applied to the court for a divorce. Upon investigation it was found out that they had never been legally married. Like sensible people, they gave up the idea of a divorce and were married.

Not every body, however, can apply the same remedy: and when the knot is found to be legally and carefully tied, some people find wonderful reasons for trying to cut it! For example:

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The judge, who was an old bachelor, wouldn't admit the plea, because every man would be liable to the same imputation who gets married.

A man in Unity, N. H. [He certainly did not *dwell* in *unity*], recently separated from his wife because she used a pound of tea a week. He said he had talked to her with all the eloquence of a Cicero, but without avail.

It may be invidious to make a selection from the numerous advertisements that present methods of relief to discontented couples. But, really, the following bears such an air of high-minded candor that our readers can not fail to appreciate it for what it is worth!

DIVORCES OBTAINED WITHOUT PUBLICITY IN the different States; all other law business attended to on the square.

A California editor, speaking of the complaints by his readers that he don't publish all the local items they desire to see, justly observes that it is often their own fault, in not sending the facts. He says he don't like to publish a birth after the child is weaned, a marriage after the honey-moon is over, or the death of a man after his widow is married again.

A good story is told illustrative of business enterprise in country towns:

A grocer from an adjoining village sent his clerk to New London, one morning last summer, with a bag of green corn to dispose of. The young man was gone all day, and at night returned with his bag of green corn on his shoulder, and dumped it on the floor with the remark: "There's your green corn, go and sell it yourself—I can't." "Why," said the grocer, "haven't you sold any?" "Sold any? No," said he, "I've been all over New London with it, and nobody said any thing about green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I'd got in my bag, and I told 'em 'twas none of their business."

How ingenious women are! Their ready tact is equal to any emergency.

Whisky is said to be smuggled from Canada into the United States in this wise: Women hold in their arms something resembling in shape and size real live "babies," but that, on examination, the babies turn out to be tin cases containing from three to five gallons of whisky. And, to give the thing point, we are told that, the other day, thirty-two such women with such babies were found in one railway train going across the line, and that thirty of them were arrested, and over 100 gallons of whisky secured.

A *lady*-smuggler, the other day, had a pint flask of brandy extracted from the leg of her stocking!

The London *Illustrated News of the World* has a good story of a poetical horse.

A gentleman traveling with his wife in Ireland, came one day, in the course of his rambles, to the town of Wicklow. On quitting the train he was besieged by a multitude of carmen, eagerly begging for the honor of his patronage. Each urged his own suit to the utmost, one man observing, "Och, shure and faith, your Honor, take my car, for the horse is the most poetical of 'em all." Struck with the peculiarity of the inducement, the gentleman engaged him. In due time the car was loaded, gentleman, wife, luggage, and Paddy safely mounted. Soon after starting, the gentleman observed that the horse was very lame, and that the rate of progress was, to say the least of it, not all that could be desired. After a few minutes' silence, he turned to the driver, and said, "Now, Paddy, why did you say your horse was the most poetical of them all?" "Och, shure and faith, your Honor, and don't he go much more in *imagination* than in *reality!*"

Here is an item for those who have been following Wilkie Collins's novel, "Armadale," in the pages of *Harper's Magazine:*

"There is a vessel lying at present at the Huskisson Dock (Liverpool) called the *Armadale*. On Saturday a ship-keeper employed thereon was found lying dead. On Sunday another keeper, appointed in his place, was removed to the hospital in a dying condition; and yesterday another man was found dead on board."

It is said that among the Parisian ladies incessant endeavors are made to reduce the length of the waists into "Empire" dimensions, and to draw the skirts tighter and tighter round the body. "My only hope," as a French lady said to me the other day, while deploring these unbecoming tendencies, "lies in the good taste of the Empress, who is becoming too stout to look well in short waists." Now, as we must all know that an Empress looks well in any thing she wishes to introduce, I think the "hope" very groundless and slight.

The leading Parisian dress-makers have been fully occupied of late in preparing Court mourning.

Many new materials are now considered suitable for mourning, which formerly were only to be seen in colors. Such are the Indou *crêpes* striped with black satin, and when the mourning is about to be laid aside, pearl-gray Indou *crêpe*, striped with black, makes up into a very stylish toilet.

A high *crêpe* dress is considered the most dressy toilet for day wear, and the low *crêpe* for evening wear.

For evening dress the *crêpe lisse*, striped with satin, is much admired: *crêpe*, striped with silver, is also made in black; it looks very sombre, but in gray or mauve it has an exceedingly pretty effect. Steel stars are in vogue for decorating mourning dresses, and black silk cords beaded with steel are used for looping up black skirts. For the first or deepest mourning jet ornaments only are worn, and black velvet coronets, studded with jet cameos, linked together with jet chains, are almost the only head-dress which the milliners have invented for the present court mourning.

Very few flowers are used for the mourning bonnets; pansies and narcissi made in black velvet are occasionally to be seen arranged as a wreath round the crown of an Empire *crêpe* bonnet, but they are the exceptions. *Crêpe* plaits round black terry bonnets, jet stars in black tulle bonnets, bands of black pheasant or ostrich feathers in velvet—such are the popular trimmings. The most coquettish mourning bonnets are made of *crêpe lisse* in puffings, trimmed with a veil of *crêpe lisse* fringed with jet, and tied with wide *gros grain* ribbon, starred at the ends with jet.

England certainly excels America in one respect. We never heard of our thieves being so religiously inclined as the following incident would indicate:

A well-known thief stole a horse-collar at Liverpool recently, and was caught *flagrante delicto* in the street; he fell upon his knees and burst out into prayer. The police-officer decorously waited a few minutes, but finding that the prayer seemed to be interminable cut it short by walking his prisoner off to jail.

ASPINWALL AND THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

THE sea-port town of Aspinwall, on the coast of New Granada, in the Gulf of Mexico, is the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Railroad by which passengers are conveyed in a few hours to the shore of the Pacific Ocean. It is, as all the world knows, quite a new place, having been founded on February 29, 1852, by the Panama Railroad Company, and named after one of the most active promoters of the scheme, with the sanction of the New Granadian Government. The houses are built on the low, swampy island of Manzanilla, which is about a square mile in extent, but little more than an eighth part of its surface is yet cleared. As opportunity offers truck-loads of ballast are brought down and the swampy ground is gradually filled in, but this process is a very slow one. When completed, however, Manzanilla ought to present a solid surface. There is no fresh water on the island; and all the water required for the consumption of the inhabitants has to be carefully collected from the rainfall or brought in pipes from the main land. The principal feature of the place is the railroad, with a number of hotels and bars, which thrive amazingly. The streets are filthy, and there does not appear to be the slightest effort to improve the condition of the town. The roadstead or port of Aspinwall is very exposed; between the months of October and March tremendous northers visit the coast, and commit great havoc among the wharfs and shipping.

Our engraving represents the starting of the train on the Panama railroad, for Panama, in the early morning. This railroad was constructed by an American Company, and is one of the most striking examples of American energy and perseverance. It was commenced in 1850, and finished in five years, being the first railway ever undertaken in a tropical country. Its length is forty-seven miles and a half, and the charge (there is no distinction of class) is over fifty cents a mile—the most expensive railway traveling in the world. The fortunate shareholders receive a dividend of 20 per cent., but much more is earned. Each passenger is allowed 50 pounds of luggage, and has to pay five cents for any excess. Freight is equally dear. The time of crossing from one ocean to the other is about four hours. The rolling-stock is American, and the carriages are acknowledged by Englishmen to be an improvement on those of the English railways.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THERE is no particular change to chronicle in the fashions—if any thing, the robes get rather longer and the "casaques" shorter. The latter are either trimmed with fur or lavishly embroidered with braid. Bonnets have undergone no change. "Bottines" are made to come higher up than ever, and are generally trimmed with sable, astrakan, or swansdown.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. Ball-dress of pink silk, looped up at the sides with black velvet ribbon, and bordered with three rows of tulle terminated with a dentelle. The jupe is of white tulle.

No. 2. Morning robe of silk, with epaulets of the same. The head-dress is of simple lace.

No. 3. Evening-dress made for the Princess de Metternich. Blue satin tunic bordered with a passementerie composed of two rows of ribbon with embroidered tulle between; the belt and trimming of the corsage of the same material. The jupe is of white tulle ornamented with silver crescents. The under jupe, which is of silk the same as the tunic, is fluted at the bottom. The coiffure consists of a bandelette, with bows of blue satin and a diamond star.

No. 4. Toilet worn by the Princess de Metternich at the wedding of Princess Anna Murat. Robe of white silk striped with green. Casaque of green satin with long band of the same material. Both casaque and jupe are trimmed with gray marabout fur. White bonnet, trimmed with light green velvet, with ostrich feather fastened by a gold butterfly set with precious stones.

Child's Dress.—Frock of black moire. Jacket of black silk velvet, trimmed with astrakan. Hat likewise of velvet, with black cameo ornaments and a red feather.

The casaques and robes represented in the engraving are from the establishment of Worth & Bobergh, Rue de la Paix; the bonnet and coiffure are from Mdme. Hofel's, Rue de la Paix; and the head-dress of the morning toilet is from Mdme. Alexandrine's, Rue d'Antin.

THE EXCELLENCES OF BURNETT'S PREPARATIONS have secured such a reputation that comments are unnecessary.

Ladies and Gentlemen will find a variety of useful information in "BURNETT'S FLORAL HAND-BOOK" for 1866, embracing, among other things, the most complete dictionary of the Language of Flowers ever published, as well as a descriptive list of the choice preparations of this House. It will be distributed gratuitously.—*Boston Journal*, December 8.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Proprietors.

For sale by all dealers in medicines, perfumery, fancy goods, and groceries.

WHY IS IT?—Why do people so crowd the rooms of the Colton Dental Association? *Six reasons.* First. Because they originated the use of the gas, and ought to know how to make and administer it in the best manner. Second. Because they have administered it to 9000 patients without the first failure or accident, and therefore have 9000 advertisers. Third. Because they do nothing but extract teeth, and constant experience enables them to do it in the best manner. Fourth. Because nearly all the best dentists in the city recommend their patients to them. Fifth. Because they make the gas fresh every day. Sixth. Because they agree to make *no charge* if they cause any pain.

Their office is at 19 and 30 Cooper Institute, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VALENTINES! VALENTINES!
NEW STYLES, NEW DESIGNS, NEW MOTTOES, NEW STOCK.
$10, $20, $30, $40, and $50 lots always on hand.
Send in your orders at once to the VALENTINE DEPOT of T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street, New York.

GOLDEN PALM OIL SOAP.
For the Bath and Toilet.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.
LINDLEY M. ELKINTON, MANUFACTURER,
116 Margaretta Street, Philadelphia.

144 COMIC VALENTINES
Mailed free on receipt of $1. B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York. Circulars free.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.
You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine an invention urgently needed by every body. Or a sample sent free by mail for 50c. that retails easily for $6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.

Central Park
SKATING AND POCKET
LANTERN.
No person should skate after dark without this Lantern, enabling the Skater to discern and avoid bad spots in the ice.
It is adapted for any other purpose.
Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00.
BERENDSOHN BROS., 103 Beekman St., New York.

THE DAYS OF BRASS JEWELRY Are Over.

THE COSMOPOLITAN
JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
Capital, $2,500,000.

Great One-Price Gold Sale.

Sell no Brass or so-called Plated JEWELRY.

WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

250,000
Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c.,
Worth $2,500,000,

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $2.

☞ THE PROOF.—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at $10, or a beautiful 50-picture morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6*; and you have a possibility of getting a

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered.

Two for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph; 5 for $1, with a Silver Nut-Pick, worth $1; 11 for $2, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth $2; 17 for $3, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth $3; 30 for $5, with a Gold Pen, Extension Case, worth $6; 65 for $10, with a Gold Double Locket, worth $12; 100 for $15, with a fine Silver Watch, worth $18; 200 for $30, with a Silver Hunting Watch, worth $40.

In all cases, upon receipt of the money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes.

Address CALKINS & CO., Managers, Broadway, New York.

Or, if nearer you, 36 South Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; or 83 and 85 Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.
EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR, June 29, 1865.

An EXACT and RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Approved by the Press and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Beware of IMPOSTORS, who imitate this advertisement with a view to swindling the public, by offering a *useless article* (with a slight alteration of name) ENTIRELY UNLIKE our *genuine* Timekeeper. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 204-206 Broadway, New York.

Wonderful! Wonder!—Full instructions, by which a person can master the great art of ventriloquism by a few hours' practice. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Sent by mail for $1. Address M. A. Jaggers, Calhoun, Ill.

AGENTS ALWAYS WANTED.
Circulars free. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York. Big chance for Agents.

Chapped Hands and Face,
SORE LIPS, CHILBLAINS, &c.—HEGEMAN & CO.'S CAMPHOR-ICE WITH GLYCERINE cures chapped hands, &c., immediately, and will keep the skin soft and smooth in the coldest weather. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail for 35 cents. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

$1,000,000 Worth OF Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware.

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches ....each $125 00
500 Silver Watches ....each $20 00 to 35 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases... " 5 00 to 8 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
36 Beekman Street. P. O. Box 4270, New York.

Holiday Presents.

GREAT SALE of

WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.

One Million Dollars' Worth!

TO BE DISPOSED OF AT

ONE DOLLAR EACH!

Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!

All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300	Musical Boxes, each	$20 to	$150
150	" " with Bells and Castinets	200 "	500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 "	50
500	" Chafing Dishes	30 "	100
1000	" Ice Pitchers	20 "	50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20 "	50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 "	50
3000	" Castors	15 "	50
[illegible]	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 "	50
[illegible]	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10 "	20
[illegible]	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20 "	40
[illegible]	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50 "	150
[illegible]	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches	35 "	70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35 "	70
200	Diamond Rings	50 "	100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 "	30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 "	8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 "	10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 "	20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 "	10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4 "	8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4 "	8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 "	6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50 "	10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 "	8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 "	10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 "	8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4 "	6
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50 "	10
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10 "	20
5,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2 "	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 "	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 "	11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 "	10
[illegible]	California Diamond Rings	2 "	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 "	15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4 "	15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 "	10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 "	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 "	25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 "	15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5 "	10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Apportionment*, to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

The *Lafayette* (Indiana) *Daily Courier*, March 18, 1865, says: A better selected, more varied or fashionable assortment of jewelry can not be found on the Continent than Arrandale & Co. are now offering. Messrs. Arrandale & Co. occupy a high position in commercial circles as men entirely above the common trickery of trade. Their statements may be implicitly relied upon, both as to the character of their goods and the manner of disposal. Ladies especially, in all parts of the country, are realizing handsome profits as agents, and if any of our fair readers desire to interest themselves in the enterprise, they may do so with perfect confidence.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Daily News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1865.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Also other inducements, which can be learned on application. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

FIRST PREMIUM

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity.

Originally patented May 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most wonderful and elegantly-constructed Novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 3 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low-priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED. ALL OTHER sewing machines at the same price are INFRINGEMENTS.

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"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

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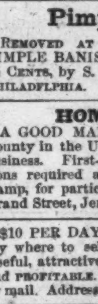

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